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Daily Mirror

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF TRAFALGAR.



Lord Nelson's flagship Victory flying Nelson's signal, "England expects this day that every man shall do his duty." To-day this signal will fly on the old flagship in celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar.—(Cribb.)

RUSSIA'S BRITISH PRISONERS.



Four Englishmen who are now detained by the Russians as prisoners of war at Kaluga. They were captured on the Japanese transport Sado Maru.

A HOSPITAL ON THE BATTLEFIELD.



Japanese Red Cross men awaiting the result of a battle in Manchuria. The building seen in this photograph is a small temporary hospital.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

KUROPATKIN WATCHING THE JAPANESE.



General Kuropatkin and his Staff scanning the mountains for the approach of the Japanese. Kuropatkin is the second figure from the left, in the centre of the picture.—(Photograph by Victor Bulla, war correspondent. Copyright of the "Sphere.")

THE HORRORS OF WAR: SOLDIERS' WIDOWS AND CHILDREN AT HARBIN.



A pitifully pathetic scene: A group of widows and orphans of Russian soldiers who have fallen in the war. (Taken at Harbin, by Victor Bulla. Copyright of the "Sphere.")

MARKETING BY POST.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 13 and 16.

Light southerly breezes; damp and mild; fog in many places.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER

(Lighting-up time: 5.54 p.m. Sea passages smooth; fog or mist continuing.)

CAMPBELL CLIMAX.

City Temple Pastor Repeats His Words.

WORKMEN'S RECEPTION.

The news that the Rev. R. J. Campbell was to repeat his statement that the British working-man was "often indolent, unthrifty, improvident, sometimes immoral, foul-mouthed, and untruthful," drew a large crowd to the Ladbroke-grove Baptist Chapel last night.

The crowd began to collect outside the main entrance a little after six, and at a quarter-past seven, when the doors were thrown open, there must have been nearly a thousand people present.

The members of the crowd were very decided in their opinion, some saying, "You cannot deny Campbell's pluck," and other expressing the opinion that "he is a maniac to make such a statement."

Mr. Campbell, who was accompanied by one other gentleman, passed in without difficulty through a lane kept for him by the police, of whom there was a special force of about thirty. The doors were closed after the pastor.

At eight o'clock, when Mr. Campbell entered the hall, he was greeted by loud clapping, mingled with a few hisses.

"So they ought to clap him," said one of the crowd. "I'd clap him on the head with half a brick if I had him here," said another.

There were about a thousand in the hall—thousands were unable to gain admission.

Mr. Campbell met with another mixed demonstration when he rose to his feet.

Slightly pale, and speaking in somewhat nervous tones, he plunged at once into the controversy of the moment. Holding the magazine in his hand, he commenced:—

"I AM NOT A PRISONER."

"I am here to repeat in your presence the statement made in the magazine.

"I am not a prisoner at the bar; I am your friend and critic still."

A wave of cheers and hisses swept through the building.

Mr. Campbell read extracts from the offending article and complained that the words "it is not to be understood that these words are intended to apply to working-men as a whole" had been omitted from references to his article in the Press, and which, he said, greatly modified the colour of the whole.

He adhered to the statement in the article in its original form.

"Some of my congregation," he said, "have come here tonight to make sure that you do not punch my head."

"I did not ask them to come, because I know I do not want protection."

"I ask for no pity," he said in conclusion, and amid rounds of hand-clapping he resumed his seat to permit members of the audience to express their views.

WORKING-MEN DEFENDED.

The article was then vigorously criticised by working-men representatives.

Mr. H. Snell, of the Paddington and North Kensington Trades Council, thought that the dignity of the working classes would have been better served if they had agreed that what Mr. Campbell wrote did not in the least matter.

Mr. Campbell had gone out of his way, he said, to libel men who were as keen after righteousness as himself.

Mr. Campbell then invited questions. A working-man immediately rose and asked: "Are the working-men who build warships to blow up the men of other countries lazy?"

Mr. Campbell replied: "Whoever helps to build an ironclad does so at the bidding of the nation, and the majority of the nation are working men."

The meeting concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Campbell, who, before leaving the platform, heartily shook hands with the various speakers.

A crowd of many thousands waited to see the departure of the pastor, and 100 constables were on duty to preserve order.

Chapel-street was packed from end to end, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the police made a way for Mr. Campbell's carriage.

As the vehicle drove away somebody in the crowd called for three cheers for Mr. Campbell, and so vigorous was the response that a feeble attempt at hissing on the part of a few could scarcely be heard.

MR. CAMPBELL'S MOTOR-CAR.

During the hearing of a claim at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday with respect to repairs to tyres on a motor-car, formerly belonging to the Rev. R. J. Campbell, counsel made facetious references to the car's late owner.

It was said that the tyres were in a very good condition when Mr. Campbell finished with it.

Counsel: "That is to be expected. The Rev. R. J. Campbell may be hot on some things, but I don't suppose him to be a scorching motorist."

LONG-SERVICE ARMY.

Infantry To Serve Nine Years and Three in Reserve.

With the issue of an Army Order last night fixing the term of service for recruits at nine years with the colours and three years with the reserve the first serious step towards the reorganisation of the Army may be said to have commenced.

It marks the tardy admission by the War Office that short service has proved a failure and incapable of supplying the country's needs of an army for Indian and foreign service.

Up to yesterday the terms of enlistment in the infantry were three years with the colours and nine years in the reserve.

To provide matured troops for India it was expected that a certain proportion of men would voluntarily extend their period of service into a second term.

But the fulfilment of these anticipations fell far short of the requirements of the service, with the result that not only were the battalions overcrowded with youthful weeds unable to stand a hot climate, but there was a great waste of money in binging home time-expired men.

"KRUGER" MILLIONS.

Colonial Office Has No Knowledge of the Money.

A correspondent recently wrote to the Duke of Marlborough and suggested that, in view of the distress which prevailed among the indigent Boers in the Transvaal, the Government should take some definite steps to recover, if possible, the balance of the huge sum taken from the Boer Treasury and transmitted to Europe prior to the occupation of Pretoria by the Imperial troops.

The Under-Secretary for the Colonies was asked whether it was probable that the Government would take any action in the matter, and the following reply has been received from the Colonial Office:—

"I am desired by the Duke of Marlborough to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of September 22, and to inform you that though all possible steps have been taken with a view to discovering the facts in connection with the matter mentioned in your letter, H.M. Government have failed to obtain any reliable information as to the existence of a balance such as that to which you refer."

PLAYGOERS IN PERIL.

Last Act of a Piece Performed in a Burning Theatre.

CHICAGO, Thursday.—With a serious fire raging on the fifth floor of the Haymarket Theatre in this city last night, the manager of the house ordered the last act, which was being performed, to be continued to its close. He instructed the orchestra to play extra loudly in order to drown the noise which the firemen, in their frantic exertions, were making overhead.

All the actors' parts were, however, shortened, but the performance was concluded, and the iron fireproof curtain was rung down in the usual manner, the audience quietly filing out into the streets before they realised the danger they had been in.

It was dramatically brought home to them by an explosion, followed by flames and clouds of smoke issuing from the shattered windows above. As a result of this disaster two firemen were killed.—*Laifan.*

BENCH DENOUNCES POLICE METHODS.

The Preston Bench yesterday strongly denounced the system of identification adopted in a case in which Charles Heya, mineral water manufacturer, was charged with breaking into a shop and stealing £78.

Several little girls admitted that before being asked to pick out the prisoner from a number of other men at the station they were taken to Heya's works and told to have a good look at him.

The jury stopped the case and discharged the prisoner. Calling Sergeant Greyston the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions said:—

"This method of identification will not do. A manifestly improper and unfair method has been adopted."

LADY CURZON IMPROVING.

The following bulletin was issued at Walmer last night:—

"Lady Curzon's progress during the last twenty-four hours has been satisfactory."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND WELSHMEN.

Mr. Chamberlain has definitely promised to address a great demonstration of Welshmen at Wrexham, North Wales, early next year. The demonstration will probably be held just prior to the reopening of Parliament.

KAISER UNCONCERNED.

Denial of German Interference in Tibet.

BERLIN, Thursday.—The semi-official "Nord-deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" to-day says:—

"The statements received by the 'Times' from Peking and Vienna, regarding interference by German diplomacy in the matter of the Anglo-Tibetan Treaty, cause us to make the following declaration:—

"Neither in China nor in Russia, nor in any other quarters has Russian diplomacy taken any steps, either officially or confidentially, with regard to the Tibet question."

"The Treaty between Great Britain and Tibet became known in Peking through its publication in a newspaper, and the German Minister had no information beforehand of the text of the document or of its approaching publication."

"The newspaper is said to have obtained the text of the Treaty from Chinese sources. No information regarding it could have been obtained by the journal from the German Legation."

"After its publication, the German Minister asked, in the course of a conversation at the Chinese Foreign Office, whether the text published in the press was authentic. In doing so, the Minister expressly pointed out that Germany took no interest whatever in the matter. That is all."—*Reuter.*

A Reuter's message states that the Tibetans preferred to pay the indemnity in instalments spread over seventy-five years, although it was pointed out that the Chumbi Valley would be held until the whole sum was paid.

HOSPITABLE SAVAGES.

Wrecked Sailors Loth To Leave a South Sea Island.

Experiences such as seldom fall to the lot of shipwrecked mariners—except in books—are related by eight missing men of the British steamer Aigburth, wrecked last July on an uncharted rock between New Guinea and Britain, who arrived at Brisbane yesterday.

After a tempestuous voyage they ran their small boat on Aramit Island, where, instead of being murdered by the natives, they were received with the greatest hospitality.

In fact, so amicable became the relations between the castaways and the islanders that several of the Aigburth's crew required much persuasion before they would consent to leave.

Some of the other castaways fared less agreeably. The chief officer's boat sighted an island, and the men went ashore to fill their water cask, only to be confronted by a mob of savages in full war-paint, armed with spears and clubs.

One of the crew with great presence of mind flourished an empty revolver, and so frightened the natives that they fled. Eventually the party got away unharmed, and reached Friedrich Wilhelm's Haven.

CLOTHING THE JAPS.

Scottish Tweed Trade Revived by the War.

The Scottish tweed trade has been thrown into extraordinary activity by enormous Japanese orders.

The large factories of Sanderson and Brown Bros. have secured respectively 60,000 and 40,000 yards of military clothing for Japan.

In Selkirk the largest mill has been compelled to seek the assistance of two or three outside firms to ensure orders being completed within time.

Innerleithen is also very busy, and the mills at Walkburn, Hawick, Peebles, and Galashiels are all heavily engaged.

£1,000 BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

Last night's closing scores in the heat of 9,000 up between H. W. Stevenson and C. Harverson were:—

HARVERSON 6,440
STEVENSON 5,245

Harverson's best break was 250, and Stevenson's 207.

RAILWAY BOOKSTALL WRECKED.

While a London train was backing into the Caledonian Central Station, Glasgow, last night to take up passengers the brakes failed to act, and the train crashed into the stationary buffers.

A large bookstall was completely wrecked, and three men inside were injured, but not seriously. Only the van of the train was damaged.

RESPECT- Order fighting. ED RUMOUR.

of Japanese Reverses Without Foundation.

The great battle in Manchuria has at last ceased, both sides being utterly exhausted by the long continued fighting.

The resumption of active hostilities, however, is not likely to be postponed very long.

The opposing armies are still in touch along the River Sha-ho, and a message from St. Petersburg anticipates a continuation of the fighting.

The net result of this long and bloody battle is contained in the statement that the Japanese are now fifteen miles further north than they were when fighting commenced.

All estimates of the losses inflicted in the battle point to the Russians having suffered to a much greater extent than their enemies.

It is calculated in Tokio that the reinforcements received by General Kuropatkin amount to 30,000 men.

From a less reliable source emanates the statement that transports have left Sascho with 75,000 additional men for Marshal Oyama's army.

The Baltic fleet, it is reported, will not pass through the Suez Canal, but will make the longer passage round the Cape.

RUSSIAN HERO.

Wounded Lieutenant Risks His Life for a Scout.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—While carrying out a reconnaissance on the 18th, a force of Russian cavalry was fired upon by the Japanese, who then promptly retired before our patrols.

Enticed into pursuing the enemy, our cavalry suddenly came upon considerable forces of Japanese infantry, with machine and field guns, at Sandepu. These opened fire, obliging our cavalry to cease the pursuit.

A patrol, commanded by Second-Lieutenant Turgeneff, was shelled at a range of 200 paces by the machine-guns, all the horses of the Cossacks being either killed or wounded.

Lieutenant Turgeneff, although wounded himself, helped a wounded scout on to his own horse, and got away with him under fire.

HEAVY CASUALTIES.

Counter Attacks Involve the Russians in Unprecedented Loss.

WITH GENERAL OKU (VIA TIENSIN), Monday.—The seven days' battle north of Yentai has been the heaviest blow yet struck at the Russians, so far as the losses are concerned.

The Japanese Left Army has during the week buried 4,100 dead left in front of its lines. Moderate estimates place the Russian casualties at 25,000.

The principal Russian casualties occurred in the course of their determined counter attacks against each village captured by the Japanese.

The attacking parties were in many cases entirely annihilated.—*Reuter.*

JAPANESE SPOILS OF WAR.

TOKIO, Thursday.—It is announced from headquarters that the Left Army captured near Lang-tschien six ammunition carts, 5,345 rifles, 4,920 rounds of field-gun ammunition, 78,000 rounds of rifle ammunition, and quantities of tents, clothing, swords, and implements.—*Reuter.*

RUMOURED JAP REVERSE DISCREDITED.

No confirmation has been received in London of the reported Japanese reverse yesterday, in which two Japanese divisions were alleged to have met with a defeat with a loss in prisoners of 12,000 men. The Japanese Legation has received nothing in any way tending to substantiate the report, and the message is entirely discredited at the Legation.

RUSSIANS IN CHINESE UNIFORM.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—A telegram from Washington states that Minister Hay, acting in accordance with the request of Japan, has transmitted to St. Petersburg a protest from the Japanese Government against the use of Chinese uniforms by Russians in Manchuria. It is stated that the Japanese have been attacked by Russian sharpshooters disguised as Chinese.—*Exchange.*

HEAT AND HAZE.

Weather Contrasts by Sea and Land.

69 DEGREES IN THE SHADE.

The extraordinarily mild temperature which has prevailed over the greater part of England for days past was yesterday accompanied by one of the thickest fogs seen in the English Channel for years.

The cross-Channel boats were hours late, and the liner Pretoria, from New York, had to pick her way so slowly up the Channel that she arrived at Dover yesterday afternoon nearly two days overdue. She had 700 passengers on board, and the captain reported that he had had to anchor off the Isle of Wight for thirty-four hours.

The French steamer *Pa de Calais*, with passengers and mails from Dover, grounded in Calais Harbour in the morning through the fog, and her passengers had to be landed by tugs.

Minor collisions were reported, and one sailing vessel was badly damaged, but no lives were lost.

Delayed the Queen.

The fog extended into the North Sea, and the mail boat from Flushing arrived at Queenborough over five hours late. Letters she carried that should have been delivered in London early in the morning were delayed until the afternoon.

The departure of Queen Alexandra from Copenhagen was delayed owing to the fog in the North Sea.

At the same time a great part of England was bathed in sunshine, and high temperatures prevailed all over the country.

Not for years have seaside landladies had such a season. In London the warmth of the weather has not altogether been appreciated. People hesitated between summer and winter clothes, between fires and no fires, and as a consequence there are more suffering from colds now than is usual at this time in the year.

But at the seaside there is nothing but rejoicing. From every quarter come reports of visitors crowding holiday resorts as they have seldom been crowded in October.

Building and bathing are still going on at many seaside places, and the visitors are promenading in summer dresses as though it were August.

Margate has at intervals been shrouded in fog, but when the mist lifts the town is wrapped in sunshine. Yesterday's maximum temperature was 61deg.

Still Bathing.

At Yarmouth swimming, fishing, and boating are going on as though it were still summer. Even as far north as Scarborough and the Isle of Man the summer has returned. At Scarborough bathing is still indulged in, and there are many resorts to be seen growing in the open air.

Along the south coast the weather is still more summer-like. At Hastings, 69 degrees was registered yesterday, and folk are still promenading in summer costumes. At Worthing, holiday-makers are still sitting about listening to the band, or rowing on the calmest of seas, while the children are paddling as they do at midsummer.

Southsea is rejoicing in warm breezes, and at Bournemouth flowers of all kinds are in bloom in the public gardens, while the open-air concerts on the pier and the steamboat and coach excursions, all continue to be well patronised.

At Brighton 64 degrees were registered and a number of straw hats were seen on the front.

It is many years since England experienced such a strangely mild autumn.

WINNERS WHO LOST.

Investors in Racing Competitions Deprived of Their Gains.

It was shown at the Old Bailey yesterday that the element of chance was not the only odds against which those people in England who paid for coupons in the "Sporting Luck" competitions and sweepstakes on horse races, promoted by Donald Mackenzie, of Middelburg, Holland, had to contend.

If fortune was on the competitor's side to the extent of his holding a coupon bearing the name of a winning horse, Mackenzie on a number of occasions intervened to deprive him of the full amount he was entitled to by inserting the names of fictitious persons or of individuals connected with the competition in the list of prize-winners.

Two occasions on which frauds of this type were practised were competitions in connection with the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire of 1903. After the former race the names of five winners, all confederates, were published, and the promoters pocketed £3,500.

Donald Mackenzie was sentenced yesterday to twelve months' imprisonment; upon Charles Geochman, who acted as Mackenzie's clerk, sentence of three months' imprisonment was passed; and five other persons—John Mackenzie, Dave Miller, John Ashdown, J. W. Watt, and C. W. Bacon—who had all been concerned in the fraud to a minor extent, were sentenced each to one month in prison.

KING TOASTS PRESIDENT.

American Officers Lunch with His Majesty.

Yesterday His Majesty the King paid a graceful compliment to the American Navy by inviting a party of officers from the American flagship *Olympia*, now lying in the Thames, to luncheon.

Admiral Jewell, his son, Flag-Lieutenant Jewell, and the captain and first lieutenant of the *Olympia* drove to Buckingham Palace, accompanied by the American Ambassador, Mr. Choate.

Prince Louis of Battenberg, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, the Earl of Erroll, and Sir Thomas Lipton were among the guests invited to meet the Americans, and nineteen sat down to luncheon.

At its conclusion His Majesty rose and proposed the health of the President of the United States, and wished prosperity to the American Navy, whose representative, Admiral Jewell, he said, he was most pleased to welcome.

GUARDSMAN'S WEDDING.

Peers and Soldiers Present at the Marriage of Lord Dalrymple.

A wedding at the Guards' Chapel is always one of the prettiest of social functions, and yesterday's marriage, that of Lord Dalrymple to Miss Violet Harford, was no exception to the rule.

Non-commissioned officers and men of the Scots Guards lined the aisle, and to the pealing of the organ was added the music of the regimental band.

There were eight bridesmaids, all dressed in soft white silk, the only touch of colour being contributed by the tiny trainbearers, who wore dainty costumes of pale blue satin.

The bride, dressed in white, had a long white satin train. Instead of a bouquet, she carried a white Prayer-book.

Many distinguished people were present, including Lord and Lady Stair, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Feversham.

The presents numbered over four hundred.

BABEL OF PETS.

Exhibition of Domestic Animals Creates Strange Sights and Sounds.

Cats, dogs, goats, donkeys, mice, ferrets, canaries, rabbits, parrots, ducks, pigeons, and—babies.

They were all on show at the annual exhibition of home pets at Plaistow yesterday in connection with the parish church, of which the Rev. T. Given-Wilson is vicar.

And when the Bishop of Barking arrived to open the proceedings there was such a burst of melody from the throats of the exhibits that episcopal eloquence could not be heard.

The animals were arranged anyhow, which made the show as various as a patchwork quilt.

As to the baby show. The judges were Dr. Randall and the vicar's wife, and thirty plump Plaistow infants submitted, under protest, to be discreetly pinched during a couple of hours; and a proud woman was the mother of the winner.

SLAUGHTER OF "NATIVES."

Distinguished Company at Whitstable's Annual Oyster Feast.

The invasion of Essex by General French was a harmless incident compared with the tremendous slaughter of "natives" which took place at Colchester yesterday.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Norman Lockyer, Professor Sylvanus Thompson, Sir Westman Pearson, and naval and military officers attended as guests of the mayor, Mr. Barrett, to inaugurate the oyster season at the annual banquet.

In half an hour 280 men accounted for some 5,000 oysters. Then the function ended with a number of speeches from the various gentlemen assembled.

TRAMWAYS INTO THE CITY.

L.C.C. Scheme Submitted to the Court of Common Council.

At the meeting of the Court of Common Council of the City of London yesterday a letter was read from the London County Council asking the Corporation to agree to a proposal for connecting up the present tramway termini in Blackfriars-road and Westminster Bridge-road.

They proposed that it should be done by the construction of tramways between those points.

The matter was referred to the Streets Committee to enable them to report. A member of the Common Council remarked that they were now face to face with a feasible scheme for bringing tramways into the City.

ALONE AMONG CANNIBALS.

British Officer's Journey Through Unknown Africa.

Major Powell-Cotton, whose work of exploration in Africa has gained such high praise, is about to start on another journey through unknown regions of Africa.

The object of his journey, which will occupy about eighteen months, is to explore the vast region lying between the Nile and the Zambesi.

The explorer will, says Reuter, travel through a very little known portion of the Congo in search of the white rhinoceros. Eventually the Major will come out in British territory in Nyassaland, whence he will travel to the coast by the Zambesi.

Some of the scientific objects the explorer has in view are to clear up the question whether there is more than one kind of Okapi, and to ascertain the truth regarding a monster which the Swahilis call a water-lion—a creature which inhabits the upper waters of the Congo, and is capable of even attacking hippopotami.

For a considerable portion of his journey Major Powell-Cotton, who will be unaccompanied by any other white man, will travel among cannibal tribes, of whom he intends to make as exhaustive a study as circumstances will permit. He will also devote a considerable period to the pigmies of the Great Forest, and he will make a special effort to secure phonographic records of the speech, songs, etc., of the tribes among whom he stays.

MARQUIS'S PATENT MEDICINES.

Huge Stock Causes Much Merriment at the Anglesey Sale.

Linens, perfumery, medicines, and sweetmeats were sold at Anglesey Castle yesterday.

The disposal of medicines, perfumery, and sweetmeats caused considerable merriment, there being hundreds of bottles of scent, patent medicines, cures for sea-sickness, and scores of fancy soap boxes.

There were also dozens of chocolate boxes, several tins of tracle toffee, and bottles of fruit crystals and medicines.

LOVE AND DEATH.

Girl Drowns Herself, and Her Sweetheart Attempts Suicide.

Poplar was yesterday the scene of a strange love tragedy.

Frederick Cox, a young man living in Arcadia-street, met with an accident which prevented him going to work. His sweetheart begged him to take some of her money, but he refused, and it is possible that his troubles and refusal preyed on the girl's mind.

She wrote to him saying that by the time he received her letter she would be at the bottom of the river.

Inquiries showed that the girl was missing from her home, and yesterday morning Cox made a determined attempt to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor.

He was removed in a precarious condition to Poplar Hospital, and the police, searching for his sweetheart, found her body in the River Lea, near Old Ford.

"HANDS UP!"

First Warn Your Burglar, Then Shoot Him.

The householder who invests in a revolver for the protection of his home must be careful how he uses it upon intruders.

The opinion of a well-known criminal lawyer is that fair warning must be given.

The old plan of calling, "Hands up, or I shoot!" is that confirmed by custom and experience. If the burglar keeps one hand in his pocket, or in any way concealed, firing is justifiable. But to take the life of a man or seriously injure him is regarded by the law of England as a grave matter, only justifiable in extreme cases.

FISHES WITH LABELS.

One Thousand Marked Plaice and Soles for Irish Sea.

The Lancashire and Western Sea Fisheries Committee are conducting some unique experiments in the Irish Sea.

One thousand fishes, chiefly plaice and soles, will be marked by a silver wire threaded through the body, attached to which is a numbered brass label.

They will be liberated in the open sea, and rewards will be offered to fishermen finding and returning them.

The object of the experiments is to determine the extent and nature of the migrations of plaice and soles.

Experi Crown

"MIRROR"

There is hope for the matinee. The removal of it, that is, during the present season, enabling the "no-hat brigade" of mankind, as well as hear the performance.

Through a period of ridicule and abuse the hat has lived on, gaining in size, height of crown, spread of brim, and length of aigrette.

Nobody ever thought of trying kindness where harshness had failed until Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, of the Royal Court Theatre, made an inspired experiment on the occasion of the recent production of the "Hippolytus."

This is what Mr. Vedrenne, in effect, said: "Be as charmingly voluminous, as beautifully chic, as many inches round the brim, as luxuriant as you like when you are waiting outside the theatre in queue."

"But when you come in, if you are large, take a rest in the nice cloak-rooms provided for you. If you are small, not really a hat at all but a petite toque, or an elegant little bonnet, I shall be very glad to see you in the auditorium."

Crowded Cloak-room.

Words to this purport Mr. Vedrenne said on the envelopes in which tickets for the "Hippolytus" were enclosed.

The result of his appeal was a triumph for sweet reasonableness. Four hundred and ninety-seven matinee hats reposed in cloak-room, or on fair owners' laps during the performance, and the three toques that did greet Phædra from their owners' heads were models of compact, unspacious propriety.

So it came about that the whole audience, in addition to being able to admire the locks of Phædra, could feast the eyes, too, on the tresses and coiffures of 497 beautiful women, including Miss Kate Rorke, Lady Pollock, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Lady Burne-Jones.

The *Daily Mirror* is going to help the matinee hat by consulting the greatest millinery experts in London about making it so dainty and smartly unobtrusive that there will be no cause for anybody to wish to see it taken off.

An ideal hat will be produced and published, and an estrangement of years will be finally forgotten.

WARNING TO CYCLISTS.

Coroner's Advice at Inquiry Into Death of Judge's Daughter.

At the inquiry yesterday into the death of Mrs. Margaret Blanche Hills, second daughter of Mr. Justice Phillimore, who fell from her bicycle in King's-road, Chelsea, and was run over, the bus driver was exonerated from all blame.

There was some doubt as to whether Mrs. Hills passed on the near or off side of the bus, but Mr. Trounbeck, the coroner, said the point was immaterial.

Having regard, he said, to the slippery state of the road, he thought the fact that the omnibus was pulled up before the hind wheel-passed over Mrs. Hills showed that the driver had the horses well under control.

A verdict of Accidental Death was returned. Some of the jury expressed the opinion that the local authorities should pay more attention to the state of the roads on wet days. Mrs. Hills' accident was the fourth on one morning.

The coroner pointed out that an ideal hard road surface had yet to be found. When the roads were wet cyclists, he thought, should not take any risks.

DRUGGING YOUNG WOMEN.

Series of Remarkable Charges Against a Russian Pole.

Evidence was given by Minnie Beatrice Burch, a nurse, of Park-crescent, Clapham Park-road, at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday in a third case against Harry Abrahams, a Russian Pole, who is alleged to have drugged and robbed a number of young women.

Her story was similar to that told by Hannah Isaacs and Jessie Jacklin at the previous hearing, to the effect that after making Abrahams' acquaintance by a chance introduction in the street, she was induced to take a drink with him, and afterwards remembered nothing till she found herself standing in a dazed condition on the pavement, Abrahams having in the meantime disappeared with her jewellery and money.

Abrahams is already awaiting sentence on a conviction at the Middlesex Sessions for robbing a young girl in Alexandra Park. Mr. Denman committed him for trial at the Old Bailey on the new charges.

MYSTERY OF A LAMP.

Dramatic Story of the Terrible King's Cross Fire.

Strikingly dramatic accounts were given to the St. Pancras coroner yesterday of the scenes at the terrible fire in Judd-street, King's Cross, in which six persons lost their lives.

The names of the victims were:—George Hunt, aged seventy-eight years; Elizabeth Hunt, aged seventy-three years; Henry James Hunt, aged forty-seven years; Alice Hunt, aged thirteen years; Robert Tchiroff, aged twelve years; and May Tchiroff, aged five years. The coroner remarked that most of them fortunately died from suffocation.

Tried To Save His Children.

The rooms on the top were occupied by Charles Tchiroff, a waiter. He awoke about one o'clock with a choking sensation, and got two of his children out of bed, and tried to get them out of the room, but was beaten back by the heat and smoke. He put those children on the floor, and went to another room to rescue his two other children, but failed through the heat and smoke.

Just as he was about to throw two of his children out of the window he fell back unconscious, and remembered no more till he found himself in Judd-street.

Mrs. Amelia Britten said she occupied the back room on the first-floor. About twelve o'clock she was sitting up with a fellow-lodger in the house when she found the place on fire.

The Coroner: Do you know what caused the fire?—No; there was no fire in my room, neither was there any light.

Detective-Inspector Dew: It has been suggested that a man and woman went into the witness's room, and a lighted lamp was thrown about in the course of a quarrel.

The witness denied that this was the case.

Neighbour's Allegations.

A broken glass mineral oil lamp, which had been found in the first-floor back room near the fireplace, was produced, but Mrs. Britten said the lamp was not hers. Probably, she said, it fell through the door of the room above.

Mrs. Mary Saunders, who lived in the back of the house looking into the room occupied by Mrs. Britten, asserted that about twenty-five minutes to one on Wednesday morning she and her daughter heard sounds of quarrelling coming from Mrs. Britten's room. There was a lamp alight in the room.

"When the fire started," she said, "I saw two figures in the room, and one—that of a woman—ran out of the room. I ran round to the front and saw the woman, and said: 'You are the cause of the fire, I think.'"

The jury returned a verdict in each case of Accidental Death, and agreed that the fire originated in the first-floor back room, but as to the origin there was no evidence to show. They added that the evidence of the witness, Mrs. Britten, was unsatisfactory.

CONTRARIWISE CANARY.

Working-man's Bird That Would Neither Sing Nor Lay Eggs.

Considerable amusement was caused at the Bloomsbury County Court yesterday by a working man who had doubts as to the sex of a canary.

He said he joined a bird club, and after paying a fancier 7s. 6d. for a cock bird suspected he had been given a hen. The bird would not sing. A friend whom he consulted told him: "You wants them to lay a hegg before you can say them is 'ens.'"

Plaintiff: Directly I saw the bird I said he was a jenny.

Judge Bacon: A what?

Plaintiff: A jenny—a hen.

Judge Bacon: By this time it ought to have laid an egg if it was a hen.

Judgment was given for the plaintiff.

A HOME CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

The trials of the medical profession during the past fifty years, while trying to discover a cure for deafness, are well told in a pamphlet just published. The little book also tells us that the search for a cure has happily ended in the discovery of Absorba, a medical preparation which, being rubbed into the skin around the ear, is very readily absorbed and carried by the capillaries and lymphatics to the interior of the ear. In this way it is able to exert a beneficial action on the internal parts of the organ of hearing. Its action removes the obstructions which cause deafness, and the organ resumes a healthy condition, the head noises and defective hearing disappearing. The simplicity of the new treatment allows it to be carried out at home. Anyone interested in this subject can obtain a pamphlet by writing (mentioning "Daily Mirror") to the publishers, W. H. Bell and Co., 9, Farringdon-avenue, London, E.C., who are agents for this preparation. Absorba is supplied in tubes at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. post free, to any part of Great Britain, on receipt of price.

MR. BECK SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF.

Convinced That He Was the Victim of a Conspiracy "Both Inside and Outside the Prison."

I pray that I may be the figurehead for a court of criminal appeal, and if I am the means of bringing this about I shall not regret my imprisonment.

The outstanding feature of the third sitting of the Beck Inquiry Committee at the Royal Commissions House, Westminster, yesterday was the evidence of Mr. Beck himself. Speaking in most impressive tones, he made the above statement while detailing to the Commissioners the story of his life and experiences.

He was called after evidence had been given by Mr. Gill, K.C., who defended him at the trial of March, 1896, as the result of which he was wrongfully convicted and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

In the course of his statement Mr. Gill said it seemed to him that the issue of the case in 1896 was a very simple one.

"The case for the prosecution was practically the same as the case for the defence," he said. "But for my defence I put in that the case was one of mistaken identity. It is an almost unheard-of thing to contest a previous conviction. When Sir Kenelm Digby says all the facts were not disclosed by the defence, he is speaking, I believe, without full knowledge of all the circumstances."

Mr. Gill objected to Sir Kenelm Digby's statement that this mistaken identity point of the defence was not pressed.

Sir John Edge: I understood it was because you did not open with this.

Mr. Gill: I do not think that Sir Kenelm appreciated the position, nor what the evidence was, but in the position I was placed it would have been an outrage to have denounced my opponent.

Subsequently Mr. Gill went on to state how the Common Serjeant, after sentencing Beck, refused to state a case for the Court of Crown Cases Reserved, saying he had "no doubt."

The President's Smile.

"Why the Home Office did not produce the material they had, or could so easily have obtained, I do not understand," said Mr. Gill, in conclusion.

Mr. Beck's turn came next. The president, the Master of the Rolls, greeted him with a smile, and learnt that Mr. Beck did not require the services of an interpreter, as he thought he could follow the proceedings without.

Mr. M. Macnaghten, the clerk of the court, then proceeded to read Mr. Beck's written statement, which traced the wrongfully convicted man's life.

Briefly recorded, the following are the chief events in his history up till 1894:—

He was born at Christiansund, Norway, January 14, 1841, and later entered the office of his father, a merchant. He went to sea for a year, landing at Cardiff in 1865, and acting as clerk to Bristol shippers. In 1868 he went to South America, and was a singer in Monte Video. Then he entered business as a bank-note cutter; afterwards received a wound in a revolution war. Employed in a shipowner's office in Buenos Ayres. Engaged as outside manager at some works in Rosario for two years. Went to Chili and to Bolivia, where he spent two years silver-mining. Then back to Chili, and tried to form a company to build a theatre. Went to Iquita, and accompanied Colonel North to look for petroleum. Afterwards, in Panama, he was involved in another revolution; then to New York, where he saw Colonel Grant, son of U. S. Grant, with reference to a concession. Reached London May, 1885. Went to Norway, and bought a copper property. In London; went into several businesses, selling and buying shares.

"I came to London in May, 1885, and went to the Covent Garden Hotel," continued the interesting life story.

"I had a concession and went to the Colonial Office, and there they could not do anything with it for the moment."

Fifteen Petitions In All.

The events that led up to Mr. Beck's conviction were fully told.

"The first petition I wrote from Chelmsford I sent to the Home Office myself. I said I was absolutely innocent."

"I sent in fourteen or fifteen petitions in all, in which I protested my innocence, and that I had never been previously convicted."

"I came out of prison in July, 1901. I went to Norway, and on my return stayed at the Central Hotel, Percy-street, Tottenham Court-road. I was there told to leave in consequence of Inspector Ward having called in and told the proprietor that I had been up to my eyes in tricks."

Sergeant Spurrell, seen by Mr. Beck on his release, said, "Really, I do not know you."

Mr. Beck replied bitterly, "You had such a good memory before at the trial."

At Brixton Prison, Mr. Beck, for the first time, saw his double, "John Smith."

The Governor allowed him to see "Smith," and Beck said, "There is no resemblance between us. I saw the scar on his chin and the wart on his eye. I have since seen the two German women, and they declare that they told the police that 'John Smith' and I had different voices, and that 'Smith' was stouter, and had a scar and a wart. The police

said, 'Never mind that—you have got the right man there.'"

Mr. Beck was then questioned at great length by the president.

The President: You complain in the first instance that when the woman gave you in charge you were going to charge her?—That is so.

And you also complained that the only statement taken by the police at the time was not yours against her, but hers against you?—Yes.

Who was the inspector who refused to hear or take your statement?—I cannot say his name.

The President: Who told you the police refused addresses and information?—Mr. Dutton, my solicitor.

The President: I suppose, Mr. Beck, you felt very desperate when in prison?

Mr. Beck: Yes; I felt so very depressed, and only with God's help I bore it all. You cannot understand the feelings of an innocent man under the circumstances.

The President: I suppose it suggested itself to you that you must be the victim of some foul play?

"I thought it was a conspiracy," said Mr. Beck, "and as to my handwriting any schoolboy who knows anything about drawing letters would never confuse my handwriting with that of 'John Smith.' I write so very badly that anyone who has seen my writing has been literally astonished that such a mistake could have been possibly made."

Mr. Beck's Desire.

It was at this stage Mr. Beck made the impressive statement already quoted that he prayed he might be the figurehead of a Court of Criminal Appeal.

Inspector Ward has been trying to bring slanders about me. He was present when the women made their statements."

The President: Did you charge Inspector Ward then?—No, I did not know what had been said then. I have learned since my return from Norway.

In reply to the Master of the Rolls Mr. Beck persisted that he had been the victim of a conspiracy both inside and outside the prison.

"I had never seen the women in my life before they were sent—as I thought—by my enemies." After this witness the Commissioners called Mr. Horace Avory, K.C., the barrister who conducted the prosecution of Mr. Beck in 1896.

He prefaced his statement with a complaint that a charge of gross unprofessional conduct had been made against him in the public Press. He had, he said, been accused of being a party to a conspiracy in the case.

The president said he did not think the protest was necessary. "The charges carry with them their own refutation, Mr. Avory, in your case," he remarked.

Mr. Avory, at some length, defended his conduct of the prosecution, and the president complimented him on the way in which he had offered his statements to assist that inquiry.

In answer to questions, Mr. Avory said that even at the time of the trial he thought that John Smith and Beck were two persons. "There was nothing improbable in two different men committing this kind of fraud."

STRIKING SCENE.

Passage of Arms Between Mr. Beck and Mr. Avory.

The last stages of the day's sitting were marked by a dramatic episode. Mr. Beck turned to Mr. Avory and recalled that this was their first meeting since the one had stood in the dock and the other beside the barristers' table at the Old Bailey.

"We have not met since," said Mr. Beck, "and we may never meet again, Mr. Avory," while the crowded court-room wondered what was coming next.

"I have often wondered why, since I came out of prison, a friend of mine, Mr. Wilkinson, would have nothing to do with me. On one occasion Mr. Wilkinson said, 'My friend Mr. Avory believes you are a guilty person—he told me so.' What necessity was there, I wonder, for Mr. Avory to say that about me? I take this opportunity to ask you why?"

Mr. Avory: It is absolutely untrue; I never put Mr. Wilkinson against you.

Mr. Beck: My friend told me distinctly that you told him so. Why, if it were untrue? I am sorry you should say that over the tomb of a dead man.

Mr. Avory: It makes no difference to me whether he is dead or alive. I have never set Mr. Wilkinson against you.

Mr. Beck repeated his statement about his dead friend, but Sir George Lewis, taking his arm, prevented any further outburst of emotion.

After further evidence the inquiry was adjourned.

"The Martyrdom of Adolf Beck," which gives a complete history by Mr. G. R. Sims of the scandal, and has proved so useful for reference purposes at the Beck Inquiry, can be purchased for 3d. at all newsagents and bookstalls.

HOTEL'S FUND OF TIPS.

Cloak-room Contributes £891 in Eighteen Months.

Interesting revelations as to the drawbacks of the tipping system were made in Westminster County Court yesterday.

A good-looking, clean-shaven, young man named William Thomas McCullough, who till recently was a cloak-room attendant at the Carlton Hotel, sued the company for £891 13s., which he claimed as the proportion of cloak-room tips due to him during the period he was in their employ.

When McCullough entered the service of the Carlton, said his counsel, Mr. Clarke Hall, he arranged to receive a salary of 5s. a week, but, of course, he expected to make up his income in tips.

Levied £13 a Week.

The plaintiff became one of four attendants in the cloak-room. "To his dismay," explained counsel, "he discovered that the company was taking £13 a week from the total amount of the tips for uniform money, cloak-room losses, and a benevolent fund."

Mr. Hall went on to make the surprising statement that during the time plaintiff was in the cloak-room the hotel deducted £891 from cloak-room tips. It was the tenth share of this that McCullough claimed.

Afterwards McCullough was transferred to the grill-room, where 26 a week was deducted from the tips. This sum he would not pay, the tips not amounting to that sum, it was alleged, and so he fell into arrears.

In alert, water-like manner, McCullough stated that he joined the hotel staff at Coronation time, and left in December, 1903. His average earnings were between £2 5s. and £2 10s. a week.

Deductions for Uniforms.

M. Autor, the manager of the Carlton, was called, and explained that the uniform account was not devoted to finding uniforms for the cloak-room attendants only. There were also the uniforms of the carriage attendants, from whom deductions were likewise made. The engineers also had to have a bonus.

Mr. Carl Weissleder, a tall, military-looking young German, with an upturned moustache, stated that he divided each week the money received in tips.

Mr. Allen, the Carlton auditor, showed from his books that during the eighteen months McCullough was at the hotel £891 was taken from the cloak-room tips, and £885 was spent in uniforms for the whole hotel.

After an hour's deliberation, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for £891.

FATEFUL TWENTY MINUTES.

Unravelling the Mystery of Miss Farmer's Tragic End.

The youth Robert Rae, at the inquiry yesterday into the death of Miss Emily Farmer, the Stepney newsagent, was positive that the two accused men, Charles Wade and Conrad Donovan, were the men he saw leave the shop on the morning of the murder.

"Did they look startled when they came out of the shop and saw you?" he was asked. "Yes," Rae replied.

The boy Gillingham, who was in the habit of delivering papers at Miss Farmer's shop, said on the morning of the murder she opened the shop door at four minutes to six. Directly he delivered the papers he left the shop.

The next witness, Police-constable James, said that at twenty past six, when he called for a paper, the door of the shop was shut.

The inquiry was again adjourned for a week.

WHISPERS FOR A NERVOUS AGE.

As his Sunday afternoon's rest had been disturbed by George Dunning, a costermonger, shouting "Watercress and celery!" a resident in Bettridge-road, Fulham, summoned the former at West London Police Court yesterday.

Mr. Plowden told the costermonger go without inflicting a penalty, but remarked to him: "When you pass this gentleman's house you must whisper 'watercress,' don't shout it. It is a very nervous age."

CLARK'S BLOOD MIXTURE

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER

is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. In case of Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Blood Poison, Boils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, and all Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. It is the best of testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world.

Sold by Chemists everywhere, 2/6 per Bottle.

Beware of Imitations.

NEWS IN BRIEF FROM TOWN AND COUNTRY.

CENSUS OF POVERTY.

England's Paupers Increase by 30,232 in a Year.

There were 30,232 more paupers in England and Wales on July 1, 1904, than there were on July 1, 1903.

This fact, taken from a Parliamentary paper issued yesterday, shows how distress increased in England during that twelve months. Could the figures be brought up to date, they would probably show that the increase of paupers from October, 1903, to October, 1904, was even greater.

The figures in this paper form melancholy reading, and the more closely they are inspected the more depressing they seem. With the exception of the year 1898, when, owing to distress in the colliery district of South Wales the numbers relieved were abnormally high, there have not been so many paupers in England in a July since 1872.

The number of persons in receipt of relief on July 1 of this year was 836,463, as against 806,231 the preceding year. Allowing for the increase in the population this means the proportion of paupers per thousand has risen from 24.2 to 24.8.

With the exception of 1897-8 there has been no such proportional increase for twenty-six years.

In London the increase has been even greater than in the provinces. The total number of paupers in the metropolis on July 1 was 129,249, these figures being higher than in any other year for twenty-two years, and 4.1 per cent. higher than in 1903.

The proportional increase in the number of able-bodied paupers has been very great (9.1 higher than in 1903), which seems to show that much of the distress has been caused by lack of employment.

One in thirty-six of the population of London was on July 1 in receipt of relief from the guardians, and one in forty of the total population of England and Wales.

ROUND THE WORLD IN SIX YEARS.

Adventurous Career of Man Who Undertakes Journey of 27,000 Miles.

To walk round the world, even with six years to do it in, is an enterprise of some pith and moment.

This is what Mr. Charles William Biel has undertaken to do. He is confident of success, and hopes to complete his travels with a year to spare.

Twenty-seven thousand odd miles is the total distance, and he has wagered 25,000 dollars on the result.

He takes no money, and pays his way by club and bar-bell swinging, and by buck dancing. On his arrival in London yesterday he had completed 2,000 miles.

Mr. Biel left New York on June 1, and sailed for Capetown, whence he walked to Johannesburg and down to Delagoa Bay. There he shipped for Southampton, and walked to London.

He leaves London to-morrow, and walks to Bristol, sails to Ireland, and walks to its northern coast, again goes by water to the north of Scotland, and then works south to London.

Shipping to St. Petersburg, he will travel by way of Russia, Germany, and France through the Balkan States, whence he turns north for Port Said.

He will tramp Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, India, Burma, China, Korea, and Japan. Shipping to Australia he will cross that continent and New Zealand. Ship to San Francisco, and tramp through the States to New York.

Naturally his way will not be free of perilous adventure. He has already had several. Close to Blomfontein he was knocked on the head by a Kaffir and left for dead.

TRAFALGAR DAY.

Centenary Next Year To Be Celebrated by Million Shilling Fund.

To-day is the ninety-ninth anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson.

The workmen employed in decorating the Nelson Column attracted the usual crowd of sightseers to Trafalgar-square yesterday. Estimated about the base of the plinth are hundreds of yards of laurel wreaths, intermingled with white cypress, fern fronds, and oak leaves tinged by autumn with red and yellow tints.

A number of memorial shields—many of them dispatched from distant parts of the Empire—have been placed at the base of the column by the Navy League.

An offering which attracts the attention of all passers-by is inscribed: "To the memory of Nelson from the surviving sons and daughters of the officers who fought at Trafalgar."

The Trafalgar Centenary next year will be celebrated by the collection of a million-shilling fund, to be raised by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

The Prince of Wales is patron, and Lord Brassey president, of this institution. The funds collected are to be applied to the foundation of a Nelson Sailors' Rest, at King's Lynn.

Every boy and girl who collects for this fund will receive a memento fashioned out of oak and copper taken from the Victory.

Sunk on Saturday last in the Mersey, the tug Southcock has been raised almost undamaged.

Under £25,000 is the amount at which the will of Colonel Sir Edwin Hughes, V.D., formerly M.P. for Woolwich, has been sworn.

After its vacation the Royal Commission on Church Discipline has resumed its sittings at the Church House, Westminster.

Upwards of £30,000 has been subscribed for the Union Jack Club for soldiers and sailors, which is to be erected in the neighbourhood of Waterloo Station.

MR. PLOWDEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Mr. Plowden, the popular metropolitan police magistrate, will attain his sixtieth year to-day, having been born on October 21, 1844.

He has been a magistrate for over sixteen years, having received his appointment on June 6, 1888.

WHY IT WAS NAMED JUDD-STREET.

Judd-street, off Euston-road, the scene of the terrible fire, was named after Sir Andrew Judd, Lord Mayor in 1551, who owned this area, which at the period was described as a lot of sand-hills.

Sir Andrew was a native of Tunbridge, and he endowed a school in that town.

RED CELERY IN.

Red, or winter celery, of extra good quality is on sale.

Both the red and white sorts were cultivated from the wild celery, which is indigenous to Britain. John Evelyn, the diarist, in his "Kalendar of Horticulture," published in 1669, gives directions as to the sowing of garden "sellery."

AFRAID OF HIS WIFE.

At a meeting of the Wandsworth Borough Council a resolution in favour of mixed bathing, moved by Councillor Attenborough, has been carried.

A councillor said he would support the resolution if the Press would not mention his name, "as he shouldn't like his wife to know he was in favour of mixed bathing."

KINDLY EAST-ENDERS.

Working-men attending the parish church of St. James-the-Less, Stepney, have each undertaken to subscribe a sufficient amount every week out of their wages to provide four or five "square meals" for the children of the unemployed in the parish.

As these number a large percentage of the population the men's resolution will involve a very substantial sacrifice on their part.

TEMPERANCE MAYORS.

Bethnal Green's new mayor will be Mr. George Nokes, the well-known temperance reformer and Nonconformist preacher.

In Hackney the Progressive party have decided to elect Mr. Thomas Hosgood as mayor in succession to Captain Wells-Holland. Mr. Hosgood is a frequent speaker at temperance and religious meetings.

"LONDON'S RECORD SERVICES."

A correspondent writes:—The claim set forth in the *Mirror* by the Rev. Mr. Vine—that the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End, attracts a larger Sunday attendance of worshippers than the Westminster Cathedral, relates to Sunday, September 25, only, the occasion of the annual harvest festival. The 5,371 recorded at Westminster is the normal figure, and on special occasions the attendance is between eight and nine thousand.

PURE BUTTER BILL.

At a meeting of farmers at Garstang, near Preston, Lord Onslow expressed his sorrow that the Bill introduced last session to protect flocks from sheep-worshipping was not more successful, and said he might or might not reintroduce the measure.

He was rather disheartened at the number of measures put down on the order-book of the House of Commons; but he would do everything he could to protect the interests of the makers of pure butter.

SMOKED TO HIS DEATH.

Carried out of the arena at the circus at Rochdale with a broken spine, Frank Leonard, an acrobat, who had fallen while turning a somersault, knew he had but a few hours to live.

On his way to the infirmary, with both arms and legs paralysed, he asked for a cigarette to be placed between his lips, and calmly puffed away until he died.

At the inquest a verdict of Accidental Death was returned, with an expression of sympathy for his widow and child.

MOTORS' TEN-MILE SPEED-LIMIT.

Regulations having been framed by the Town Council of Newport limiting the speed of motor-cars in the streets of the town to ten miles a Local Government Board inquiry was opened yesterday.

Opposition was offered by the Automobile Club, the Motor Union, and private owners of motor vehicles, but the case for the corporation showed that for two miles the main street of the borough forms the only route for through and local traffic, and is congested by a double line of tramway.

The decision of the Local Government Board will be given after consideration of their inspector's report.

South Wales University College benefits by £15,000 under the will of Dr. Isaac Roberts, the astronomer.

"Tips" is announced to be the Rev. W. Carille's topic on Sunday evening next at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monmouth.

"The Banquet Scene from 'Macbeth,'" by D. MacLise, R.A., has been purchased by the Library Committee of the City Corporation for the Guildhall.

Mr. George Bishop states that Mr. Gregory is headmaster of the Roper-street School at Ely, and not that in Pope-street, at which he has held that post for seven years.

Work is shortly to be commenced in "winning" coal at a depth of 460 yards in Northumberland. This is 220 yards deeper than any previous mining in that county.

HIS OWN GRANDFATHER.

Following on the curious matrimonial problem which puzzled the Hertfordshire Quarter Sessions a correspondent describes how he has become his own grandfather.

"I married a widow with a grown-up daughter, whom my father afterwards married," he says, "so my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. My wife had a son, who was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother, my father's wife."

"My step-daughter had also a son, he was, of course, my brother and at the same time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife had my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother, and I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather I was my own grandfather."

ANCIENT COURT OF BEER-TASTERS.

With fitting proclamation the Ancient Court Leet for the Manor of Kirkgate-cum-Holbeck has been held at Leeds.

This court originally sat as ale-tasters, and show an uninterrupted history extending over several hundred years.

Although the duties are not now recognised by law, they are voluntarily carried out in a spirit of veneration for old customs.

Mr. Skelton, the duly appointed constable of the court, in opening the proceedings, said: "Although the ancient office of beer-tasters has been abolished, the officers of the court have taken upon themselves to regularly 'taste the beer' in this manner, and on the whole have found it fairly good. The ale at this house at which we this year meet has not yet been tasted, and the jury are now directed all to become ale-tasters."

HORSE'S DOUBLE LIFE.

In an action at Northwich to recover £25, the value of a horse supplied to a member of the Cheshire Yeomanry, which died of pneumonia, the defendant pleaded the horse was broken-winded and not worth £5.

It having been entered, however, in a competition for the best horse in the yeomanry led Judge Bowen Rowlands to remark the horse must have lived a double life, and proved Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde existed in the animal world.

Unless it died from pneumonia he must assume it succumbed to exultation at being entered for prize, even though it was a fraud, and he gave judgment for the plaintiff.

"ON HER BEAM-ENDS."

Launched last week by Messrs. Scott and Co., Greenock, the Comte de Smet de Naeyer, a Belgian Government training ship, has since been fitting out in the James Watt Dock.

Yesterday, while water was being pumped into her tanks, she fell over to starboard, and now lies on her beam-ends. All the workmen escaped ashore uninjured.

SEIZURE OF PIRATED MUSIC.

Yesterday, as a consequence of an application by Mr. C. V. Young to the North London police magistrate, the officials of the Music Publishers' Association seized 150,000 copies of alleged pirated music in a stable off Well-street, Hackney.

SELL YOUR SNAPSHOTS

TO THE
"DAILY MIRROR."

Professional photographers and amateurs who do good work are invited to send photographs of news events to the "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C. If accepted and published they will be liberally paid for.

The subjects selected must have some bearing upon the news of the day. They should be taken and dispatched to this office at the earliest moment and by the quickest available method. Pictures of news events which are some days old are of no use.

Photograph railway accidents, land-slides, shipwrecks, or anything of immediate human interest, and send it to the "Daily Mirror."

An old lady, named Wren, died yesterday at Church-street, Whitstable, aged 102.

On his way to the Colonial Office, Mr. Lyttelton, meeting Mr. John Burns, indulged in a long conversation in Downing-street.

Bethnal Green Workhouse is now overcrowded with babies. In order to relieve the pressure some twenty are to be boarded out at Leytonstone.

The election of the City Marshal, which was announced to take place yesterday, has been postponed until the next meeting of the Corporation on November 2.

PATRIOTIC COUNCIL.

The urban council of Whitley Bay, a popular Northumbrian watering-place, has passed a resolution that all future contracts must be carried out with material of British manufacture.

This is a patriotic step towards assisting home labour, as it will involve the ratepayers in an increased expenditure.

ACCOUNTANTS IN CONFERENCE.

Mr. J. S. Harwood-Banner, presiding at the autumnal conference of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, at Liverpool, said they now numbered 8,200.

Lately their profession had increasing responsibility to accept and important duties to perform in regard to limited companies and municipal trading.

CLEVELAND AT DARTMOUTH.

At Dartmouth last evening the captain and officers of the American cruiser Cleveland were entertained at a banquet by the mayor and corporation and Harbour Commissioners.

The petty officers were also entertained at a smoking concert by the petty officers from the cadet training ship Britannia.

PAUPERS AS TOMATO GROWERS.

So successful has been the experiment of sending paupers from the workhouse to the farm colony at Landon that the Poplar Guardians yesterday decided to erect greenhouses, in order that the men might try their hand at the growing of tomatoes.

Every effort is to be made to so instruct the men as to ensure their being eventually able to earn a living on the land.

ELECTION AGENTS SENT TO PRISON.

At the Dublin City Commission yesterday Thomas J. Ladd and David Macartney, Unionist registration agents, were sent to prison for one and three months respectively for tampering with registration papers so as to mislead the franchise officers.

The prisoners collected the papers, and, having changed the names in them, sent them to the town clerk.

FINING MOTORISTS.

The St. Neots justices to-day imposed a fine of £8 on Mr. Simon Henry Pearce, of Polperro, Lyccroft-gardens, Hampstead, for driving a motor-car to the common danger through the village of Buckden, a speed of thirty miles an hour being alleged.

Two other fines of £5 and one of £4 were imposed, and Sir Montague Aubrey Cholmeley was fined £4 for exceeding the legal limit, his speed being given as twenty-seven miles an hour.

WESTMINSTER'S WELCOME.

Westminster City Council yesterday afternoon decided that a sum not exceeding £300 be expended in the decoration of the streets in the City of Westminster to be traversed by their Majesties the King and Queen of Portugal in the event of their visiting the City of London in November next, and that an appeal be made to the citizens to subscribe the amount.

It was also decided that an address of welcome be presented to the King and Queen of Portugal on the occasion of their visit to the City of Westminster.

GIFT BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has forwarded to the Rev. G. I. Swinnerton, vicar of St. Luke's, Kingston-on-Thames, a handsome embroidered drawing-room work-basket for disposal at the forthcoming parochial sale in aid of the church funds.

The church has been exceedingly fortunate in the matter of royal favours.

The late Duchess of Teck laid the foundation-stone, and next Sunday a stained-glass window is to be dedicated to her memory. It represents the Presentation in the Temple, and is the gift of the young women's bible class.

SLATER CASE COUNSEL.

The trial of Albert Osborn, a solicitor, Henry Scott, otherwise Slater, and four other persons, on charges of alleged conspiracy in connection with the Pollard divorce case, will come on for hearing before Mr. Justice Darling at the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday next at eleven o'clock.

The Solicitor-General (Sir E. Carson, K.C., M.P.), Mr. Sutton, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Bodkin, and Mr. Guy Stephenson will appear as counsel on behalf of the Treasury; Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., M.P., and Mr. R. D. Muir will defend Slater; Mr. Gill, K.C., and Mr. Valetta will appear for Osborn; and the other prisoners will be defended by Mr. Leicester, Mr. Graham Campbell, and Mr. Forrest Fulton.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
3, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1904.

A TITLED PERSON.

If anyone in a mixed company ventures the statement that Parliamentary Government is a farce, all the solemn, serious, bald-headed people in that company will turn their portentous backs upon him. Yet, if it be not a farce, how can we explain the selection of Lord Viscount Turnour to be the Conservative candidate in the Horsham election contest, which begins to-day?

Lord Viscount Turnour was twenty-one years of age last April. When we turn to "Who's Who," to discover his qualifications for representing in the House of Commons the 9,946 electors of the Horsham division we find the following entry:—

B. 4 April, 1883; only son of 5th Earl of Winterton.

"Whitaker's Titled Persons" adds to this information the fact that he is a second lieutenant in the Sussex Imperial Yeomanry, and a grandson of the Duke of Abercorn.

What is the use of trying to take politics seriously when voters are asked to send to Parliament a mere boy, simply because he is a titled person? What is the use of the Prince of Wales asking the country to wake up? What is the sense of talking about efficiency and progress? We seem to have advanced scarcely at all since the days of "rotten boroughs," when noble lords nominated M.P.s, and got them in without the trouble of an election.

The only difference is that nowadays these aristocratic nominees do have to go through election contests—and sometimes get beaten by rude persons without titles. That is what is "not at all unlikely to happen in Sussex." If it does, the Imperial party will simply have thrown the seat away.

Their excuse will be that elections cost a good deal of money, and that candidates with brains and money too are not plentiful. Is there no money in the Party Chest to pay the expenses of a man who would do credit to the Imperial cause?

If Mr. Chamberlain hopes to win over the country to his policy he must see that it is recommended to the electors by clever men, men who are in earnest about it, men whose records will win their words attention and respect. The "titled person" candidate is a very broken record to be leant upon by the leader in the "big fight."

MORE LIGHT ON TIPS.

A law case which we report this morning will, we imagine, make most people less ready to "tip" than ever. Already they are asking why, if one restaurant can be made to pay without "gratuities" others should not follow suit. When they read that their tips, instead of going straight into the pockets of the attendants, have to be shared with proprietors, their objection to this form of blackmail will increase very much indeed.

It seems that when you put down your sixpence or shilling in a restaurant cloak-room, it does not, as you imagine, merely help to pay the attendant's wages. It is true he only gets five shillings a week, and therefore must be allowed something out of the tips. But he does not by any means get them all.

The management calmly takes a large proportion of them for "uniforms, etc." Thus your tip not only saves the attendant's wages, but provides him with clothes to wear, and even then the management has something over to spend on "etc." It is a very pleasant system for managements. What we wonder is how much longer the public will stand it.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Travelling is a fool's paradise. Our first journeys discover to us the indifference of places. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from.—*Emerson.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD MIDDLETON, who has been talking so much about the Royal Agricultural Society, and asking for a Government grant, must not be confused with Lord Middleton. His chief call to fame rests on his advocacy of that society and the possession of Wollaton Hall, near Nottingham, which is said to be the finest specimen of Elizabethan architecture in England. It stands in the middle of a large park and is over three-quarters of a mile

from the nearest park gate. The Royal Agricultural Show took place in the park in 1887.

Lord Middleton's fame rests principally on that of his son, Mr. Brodrick. He is not far from seventy-five now, and age is not treating him kindly. For one thing he is practically blind. He was always very short-sighted, and on one occasion when entering a railway carriage with some friends he grabbed hold of an inoffensive old lady, who

was peacefully dozing in a corner, with the remark, "I'll just pop this bundle on to the rack, and then there will be plenty of room."

Though Sir Alfred Jones may have widened the sphere of his action to include cotton, he will always be the "Banana King," and though the whole British Empire should take to cotton growing, it is the Spanish island of Grand Canary which will always be particularly associated with his name. In fact, at one time the Spanish Government was quite jealous of the way in which he monopolised that portion of their kingdom.

High on the bare hill-side facing the harbour at Grand Canary stood the legend: "The Grand Canary Coaling Company: Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Co., Managers." So large and so impressive was the notice that Spanish dignity was touched, and the company was asked to remove it, because "it looked as though they owned the island." Of course the sign was removed, but there would have been no request to do so if the impression created had not been so very near the truth.

A STORY AGAINST MR. PLOWDEN.

To-day is the sixtieth birthday of that witty police magistrate, Mr. Plowden. Long may he continue his combined career of wit and justice. Innumerable as are the stories of him, there are none so good as one he tells against himself. It was in his early days, and these are his own words: "I was briefed to defend a man for stealing a horse, and as it was the only case I had, I had no intention of not making the most of it. Unfortunately, the prisoner was arraigned at a moment when I was out of court, and for some reason, best known to himself, he pleaded guilty."

"I appealed privately to the learned Judge that the prisoner might be allowed to withdraw his plea, and after some ~~deliberation~~ he consented. The trial took place, and I addressed the jury with fervour for my client, and then the learned Judge summed up in these words: 'Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner is indicted for stealing a horse. He has pleaded guilty. Now, his counsel says he is not guilty. Gentlemen, it is for you to say which you believe, only bear this in mind, if you have any doubt, that the prisoner was there and the learned counsel was not! Poor Mr. Plowden!'

Dr. Lueger, of Vienna, seems to have the same receipt for notoriety as Mr. Campbell, and he has raised a storm of protest in Vienna by calling workmen "rogues." But this is not his first incursion into the ranks of those who amuse themselves by calling other people names. He used to sit in the Reichsrath and shout insulting names at everyone who got up to speak. Pig-brute—Jew were among his usual cries. He was wildly anti-Semitic in his policy, which raised him to the highest pitch of popularity in Vienna.

Miss Olga Nethersole, who has just taken the Shaftesbury Theatre, is probably one of our hardest-working actresses. She never thinks of playing a character until she has studied it for at least a year or two. She studied "Carmen" for three years before she appeared in the part, and spent nearly as long at work on "La Dame aux Camélias." As she once told an interviewer, she gets so much in sympathy with the woman she impersonates that she had wept real tears upon the stage every night for years.

UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

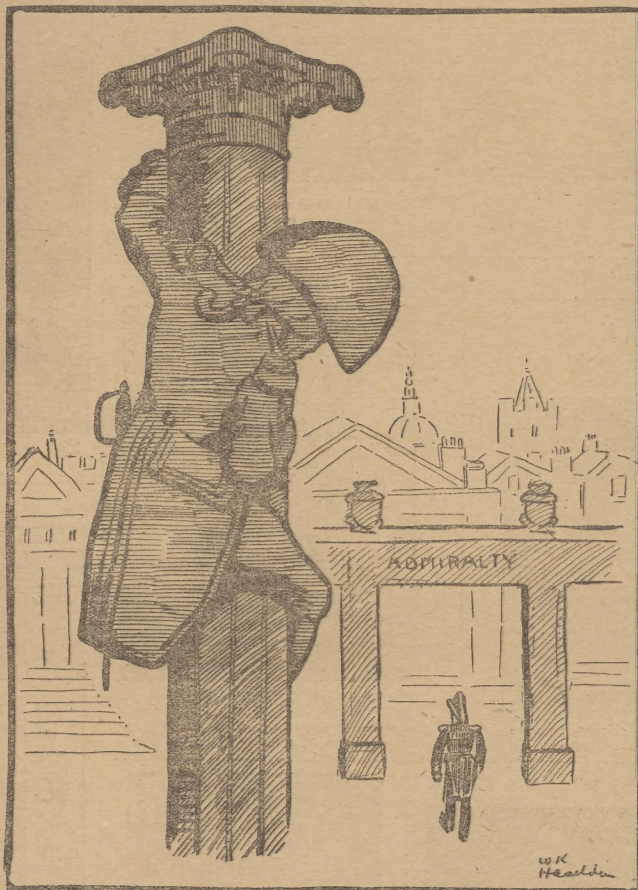
Much of the fire in her acting comes to her from her Spanish mother. Her father, however, was English, and she was born in Kensington, but partly educated in Holland. Much of her professional life has been spent in America, and it was there that she had two very trying experiences. The first was being burnt out of her hotel in Philadelphia one icy winter's night.

The hotel was crowded, and when the alarm was raised there was a scene of wild confusion. A thing which impressed her immensely was the importance which people seemed to attach to their hedges in the moment of peril. She noticed a woman, dressed only in her nightclothes, standing before her mirror and carefully fixing on her bonnet and veil, and a few seconds later she met a well-known politician, hurrying along the corridor, clothed only in his pyjamas, but with a silk hat on his head.

The other experience left an impression on her mind which she has never been able to overcome. It happened while she was in a train going quite a short journey from one town to another on her tour. A whole family of people had by some means or other wandered on to the line, and the train, coming round a bend, dashed into them and cut them all to pieces. Not one escaped.

It was during this same tour that she learnt how keen the American nation is on elections. While at Brooklyn the Presidential election figures kept coming in from the various districts, and the manager, who was literally frantic on the subject, insisted on walking on to the stage and reading them out to the house, utterly regardless of the action of the play. It says much for the quickness of the American mind that the audience was able to keep up their interest in the play. The whole house would be silent over some tragic situation; suddenly the manager appeared, bawled some figures, the house cheered wildly, and in thirty seconds had returned to its hushed interest.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF TRAFALGAR.



NELSON (in Trafalgar-square): I was on my way down to lend them a hand myself, but if Jacky Fisher's taking on the job there's no need for me to be nervous. I'll get back to my pedestal.

HOME-MADE HUMOUR.

French as She Is Spoke.

A "DAY NURSERY" for the little children of the poor is, by persons who affect French words, called a crèche. On two different occasions when persons (illiterate, it is true, but not at all of the poorest class, were speaking to me, with the evident wish to be as correct and refined as possible, one spoke of the "creech," and the other of the "creek."—Letter to the "Times."

"I want one stall," said the man who was not quite himself that evening, very slowly and distinctly. "I regret, sir," replied the box-office manager with cold severity, "that I cannot let you have one. You are not sober." "Sober?" said the man indignantly. "Of course I'm not sober. Why should I want to see your silly piece if I was?"—"Globe."

Many a man could describe his experience six months after marriage in these words: "My wife is a parcel of assorted follies and failings, enclosed in a decorative wrapper and labelled 'Mixed Chocolates,' but after marriage I discovered it to be a packet of acid drops."—"The Linkman," in "Truth."

Suggested new name for Wyndham's Theatre under its present conditions:—"The Doll's House."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

Was not Robinson Crusoe the last man who minded nothing but his own business?—"London Opinion."

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Admiral "Jacky" Fisher.

NO day could be more appropriate than Trafalgar Day for him to take up his work at the Admiralty, for he is the best man in the Service and a man to whom we may trust.

The very look of the man is enough. His face inspires confidence at once. It is not the face of a crafty statesman, not of a dogged fighter, not of a philosopher. It is the face of a strong man, confident in his strength.

He looks as if he could never be excited or flurried. The eyes are round and cheerful and set wide apart. The lips have a half-smile at the corners. Two deep-cut lines running from the nostrils to the corners of the mouth tell of contempt for fear. The chin is strong, and the rugged neck supports the head unbending.

The face is clean-shaven, the head surmounted by bristles which bespeak scorn for dandified convention.

Nor does his appearance belie him. He is fearless, morally and physically. He never seeks popularity, and his duty is his very life.

And he wants a strong Navy, not because he loves war, but because he loves peace.

To the men of the Navy he is two things—the most beloved and the most feared man in it. He can be "a holy terror to skulkers."

Once, in a wardroom, a young officer ventured to say that "Jacky" would be shelved by the age limit before he had accomplished the reforms he wanted. "My dear sir," said another, "if 'Jacky' wants to stay on he'll stay, even if he has to revise the British Constitution for the purpose."

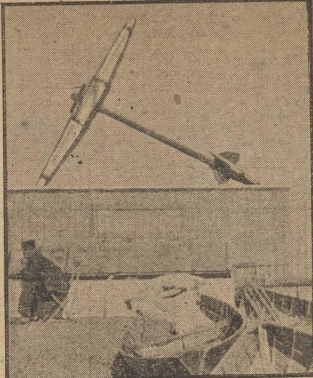
That man understood "Jacky."

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.



Miss Florence Nightingale, as she was fifty years ago to-day, when she started for the Crimea to tend the sick and wounded.—(See p. 10.)

NELSON'S ANCHOR.



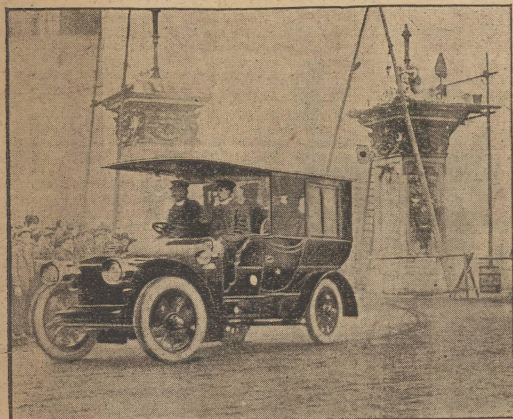
The anchor of Nelson's old flagship, Victory. It is mounted on a pedestal at Southsea, and will be visited to-day by thousands of patriotic sightseers.

£200 BULLDOG.



Mr. A. J. Mainwaring's bulldog, Ivel Daedalus, which has just been sold to Mr. W. A. Murray for £200.

THE KING IN HIS MOTOR-CAR.



His Majesty, in his motor-car, leaving Buckingham Palace for a drive before receiving the officers of the United States Squadron.

ETON HEADMASTERSHIP.

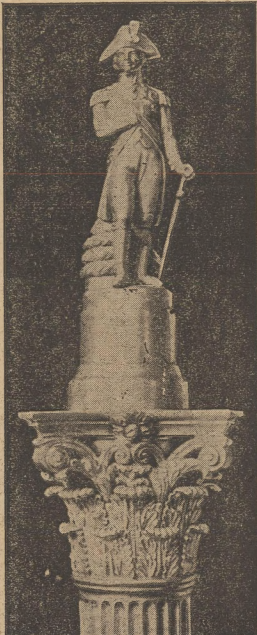


Rev. Canon the Hon. E. Lyttelton, M.A., of Haileybury College, Hertford, who, it is believed, will succeed Dr. Warre as headmaster of Eton.—(Elliott and Fry.)

LADY WARWICK PRESENTS TROPHIES TO H.M.S. ESSEX



The Countess of Warwick, who will present some trophies to H.M.S. Essex at Southend to-day.—(Barnett.)



The replica of the Nelson Monument, which Lady Warwick presents to H.M.S. Essex to-day.

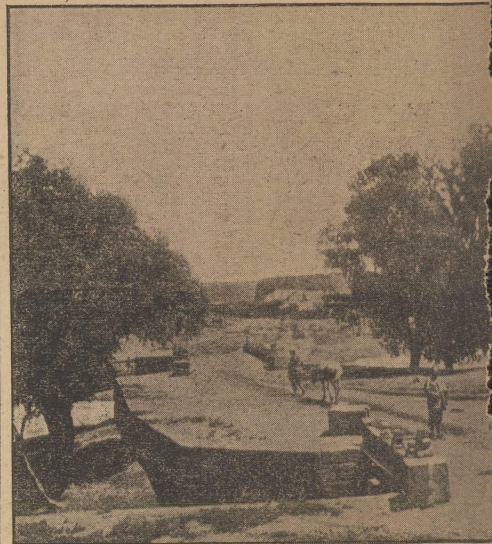


Miss Marie Ashton, one of "The Gibson Girls" in "The Catch of the Season," at the Vaudeville Theatre.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)



News in Neg

THE SCENE OF A GREAT



This photograph has just arrived from the Far East. It shows the desperate fighting took place during the battle.

PREPARING TO EVACUATE



Russian troops at Yantai Station just before the evacuation.—(The "Sphere.")

SERVING KHAKI SUITS TO JAPANESE



This excellent photograph was taken at a town captured from the Japanese. It shows Service Corps men serving out suits of khaki to the Japanese.—(The "Weekly.")

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TAI.



h by Victor Bulla. Copyright

TROOPS.



by the Japanese in Manchuria. rs.—(Copyright of "Collier's

CAPTAIN SHAWE-TAYLOR.



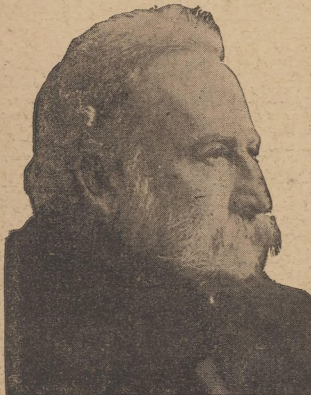
He is prominent in Irish politics now, and has just accepted the invitation of the Attorney-General for Ireland to visit Londonderry, and explain the aims and objects of the Irish Reform Association. (Russell and Sons.)

MRS. CHAS. MORTON.



The greatest sympathy will be felt for Mrs. Morton on the sad death of her husband, who had been for so many years the provider of entertainments for London's millions. The benefit which was arranged to be given for her late husband will, it is announced, take place in Mrs. Morton's favour.—(Barnett.)

SIR GEORGE LEWIS.



The famous solicitor, who has been advising Mr. Adolf Beck in connection with the present inquiry.—(Elliott and Fry.)

GREAT BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.



Mr. H. W. Stevenson, the well-known billiard player, and—



—C. Harverson, who are competing in the big billiard tournament of 9,000 up for the £1,000 trophy.



A "Daily Mirror" Miniature.— (See page 16.)

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER.



A recent photograph of Lord Milner, who, it is announced, will shortly resign the office of High Commissioner for South Africa. His lordship is seen above with some of his military staff.—(Nicholls.)

SEASON'S RECORD HERRING CATCH.



The biggest herring catch of the season has reached Yarmouth, where one boat alone landed over a quarter of a million fish. Here you see some of the fish lying on the quay at Yarmouth.

ADOLF BECK DAY BY DAY.



Mr. Beck, in his new home, dictating to his secretary the statements which he made before the Commissioners yesterday.

THE STORY OF A FAILURE.

Eagerly Awaited Novel Scarcely Satisfies Expectation.

THE DARK SHIP. By Vincent Brown. Duckworth and Co. 4s. Published To-day.

Mr. Vincent Brown, whose "Magdalen's Husband" made something of a literary sensation early this year, has been less ambitious in this new story of his. It has been awaited with interest, but we are afraid, must be pronounced disappointing.

It is the story of a literary man's misfortunes. Its incidents are important only in so far as they illustrate the development of that one man's character and show how he is purified by disappointment.

Derick Harpol is the "hero, as man of letters." He goes to London as a young man, and begins to write novels. Nothing that he publishes brings him any money. Often he is almost starving. At last he grows tired of writing about ideals, and determines to think of his pocket. This is how he speaks of his sufferings:—

Try London with your pockets empty . . . those brazen streets, those heartless crowds. To a penniless man London is a roaring beast of prey. I remember standing late one night outside St. Paul's Cathedral, and a voice seemed to say to me: "You fool! Take the world at its own price; come down to it out of the clouds; stop appealing to it to lift the banner towards Zion; if it goes raving mad in a stuporous vulgarisation of taste, or a gigantic injustice, or a universal flippancy, you do likewise; back it up, flatter it, find excuses for it. And so you will do good unto yourself, and all men will speak well of you."

Then, with changed convictions, he writes bad books. They bring him a fortune. He lives a pleasure-loving life, losing his old faiths, ideals,



Mr. Vincent Brown, in his garden, near Brighton.

ambitions. He becomes a bored and cynical Londoner.

Then he goes back into the country to stay with the old uncle who has brought him up. His country friends are disappointed with him. Judith, Deeprose, whom he has always thought of marrying, believes in him for a time. But in the end she, too, gives him up in favour of an enthusiastic curate.

Perhaps Derick has never been very devoted to Judith. Anyhow, he has allowed his attachment for her to run side by side with a flirtation with a pretty Mrs. Chersey in the neighbourhood. So when Mr. Chersey suddenly dies he asks her to marry him. But Mrs. Chersey rejects him in favour of an athletic person, who has more "go" in him than the novelist.

Poor Harpol makes his way home only to hear of Judith's engagement to the curate. The author leaves him as he sits down to reflect upon this double disappointment.

We are made to see that Derick Harpol's trials are of service to him. They assist him to throw off his old cynical view of things; they make him take up life more seriously; they make a man of him. The changes in his character are clearly indicated.

But, apart from Harpol, the characters of the book are not very interesting. The athletic person transfers his affections so easily from one lady to the other that one finds his protestations unconvincing. The pretty widow is colourless. Judith is a half-conscious, uncertain figure.

Mr. Brown makes these people of his talk in little, snappy sentences. Perhaps that is what makes the book leave one with an impression of jerkiness. If he is not to be known as a one-book man Mr. Brown must do better than this. It is just possible he has been trying to catch Mr. Henry James's secret of insinuating much in words apparently brief and frivolous. But other people's secrets are seldom successfully discovered.

"The doctors have ordered Bilkins to be quiet and under no circumstances to use his brain."

"But how does he pass the time?"

"I believe he is writing a novel."—"Life," New York.

TWO FAMOUS ANNIVERSARIES.

How England's Greatest Seaman Died in the Hour of Victory.

To-day is the ninety-ninth anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar and the death of England's most famous admiral. It was on the morning of October 21, 1805, that the British fleet (twenty-seven of the line and four frigates) came in sight of the combined French and Spanish squadrons (thirty-three of the line and seven frigates). It was about noon that the action began off Cape Trafalgar on the Atlantic coast of Spain.

After hoisting his famous signal, "England expects this day that every man shall do his duty," Lord Nelson at once ordered his ship to be steered into the thick of the fight. Remaining on deck to direct operations, he soon became a mark for the enemy's rifle fire. He had not taken the precaution to cover up the decorations on his coat, and was, therefore, easily recognised.

Before the issue of the battle was certain, a bullet struck him in the shoulder.

The cockpit (wrote Southey in his "Life of Nelson") was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies Nelson was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth.

He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood which he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human being could avail him, insisted that the surgeons should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me."

An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy.

"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?"

Hardy answered, "No fear of that."

Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he. "I am going fast—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me."

Later, he called Hardy to him and said, "Don't throw me overboard," and desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings, "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy. Kiss me, Hardy," said he.

Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty."

He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

"HYMNS A. AND M."

Purged of "Gush" and False Sentiment, Will Be Ready in a Fortnight's Time.

It is now announced that the revised version of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" will be used in choirs and places where they sing for the first time on the first Sunday in November.

About 100 hymns have been taken out as being "too gushing," or "inspired by false sentiment," and another hundred or so added to bring the book more into accordance with the feeling of the times.

Many of the hymns, too, have had new tunes put to them, though the popular tunes, as well as the popular hymns, have been left as they were.

"Hymns Ancient and Modern" was put together by forty clergymen, who began their task in 1880. Up to that time the Church of England had had no regular hymn-book. Many churches used scarcely any hymns at all. Some would not have any music during the service whatever, even "singing," instead of singing, the Psalms.

The book was bought up in enormous numbers as soon as it appeared. Ever since 1880 the sale has averaged half a million a year, and now the figure is nearer a whole million.

Cloves, Limited, the publishers, say the new edition will be ready on November 3, three days before its "authorised" use begins.

A POEM FOR TRAFALGAR DAY.

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,

Here's to the bold and free!

Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,

Hail to the kings of the sea!

Admirals all, for England's sake,

Honour be yours and fame,

And honour, as long as waves shall break,

To Nelson's peerless name!

Drake, nor devil nor Spaniard feared,

Their cities he put to the sack;

He sang his Catholic Majesty's beard,

And harried his ships to wrack.

He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls

When the great Armada came;

But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls,"

And he stopped, and finished the game.

Fifty Years Ago To-day Florence Nightingale Left for the Crimea.

This is not only Trafalgar Day; it is also the fiftieth anniversary of the departure of Florence Nightingale for the Crimea.

That heroic woman, a pioneer in the great and humane work of war nursing, is now an old woman of eighty-four years of age, and a confirmed invalid. But her name still exercises a powerful influence, and she takes the deepest interest in the work with which she was so closely identified.

Florence Nightingale was a born nurse, and the characteristics which pointed to her vocation as a nurse showed themselves even in her childish games with her dolls. Her first living patient was a sheep dog, which had had its leg hurt by stones thrown by boys; and whose master was sorrowfully going to put an end to its life. Florence went to its aid. By the time the shepherd returned he found the dog able to greet him, and it eventually made a complete recovery.

When she grew up she took to nursing in real earnest.

Miss Sarah Tooley says, in her interesting "Life of Florence Nightingale," just published (Bousfield), "To-day it seems almost impossible to realise how nightingale the idea of a woman of birth and education becoming a nurse. Miss Nightingale was a pioneer of pioneers." The outbreak of the Crimean war was a signal for excitement and enthusiasm, but with the news of the victory of the Alma came sad tidings of the sick and wounded uncared for, and the dying unconsolled. Then followed the stirring message of Sir W. H. Russell, representing the "Times" at the seat of war.

"Are there no devoted women amongst us, able and willing to go forth to minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospitals at Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England at this extreme hour of need ready for such a work of mercy?"

It was then that Florence Nightingale came forward, and a week after her offer was made, on October 21, 1854, she started for the seat of war.

A stupendous task lay before her. The difficulties she had to contend with were unbelievable—difficulties of dirt, insufficient food, lack of clothing and medical stores, and, above all, red tape.

Yet in a marvellously short time order and comfort reigned where hitherto only chaos had prevailed. Devotion and heroism accomplished a work that can never be forgotten.

Since those days Miss Nightingale has written much, and done much, to advance the progress of nursing. As recently as the Women's Exhibition at Earl's Court she gave a great deal of help. Portrait of Miss Nightingale on page 8.

HAPPY IN PRISON.

Author of a Forbidden Book Sings the Praises of Solitude.

In a preface to a new edition, the third, of his new famous book, Lieutenant Bilse gives some account of his life in prison, while he was serving out the six months' sentence passed upon him by a German court for showing up abuses in the German Army.

On the whole he rather enjoyed it.

There is a curious charm in living entirely by oneself and with one's own thoughts. To-day I stand, as it were, in the whirl of life, and yet I look back with a curious longing to those lonely days.

At the same time I was subjected to a good deal of annoyance. "I was not allowed even my 'Daily Mail,'" he says; and he missed the solace of his pipe very badly. However, he had the visits of the chaplain to look forward to, and he always carried about him a delightful smell of tobacco."

Lieutenant Bilse tells us that he wrote his book in nine days. It was a decidedly quick piece of work. However, he had all the material in his head. He drew, more or less, from life, the overbearing, unreasonable colonel, the foolish, greedy major, the lieutenants who think about nothing but making love to their brook-officers' wives, because it shows up real scandals and gives a true picture of many German officers' lives.

IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

More Views From Our Readers Upon the Dean's Utterance.

In reply to my critics I would say that I have not put the difference between religion and science. It is there already. What I complain of is that some clergymen give preference to the conclusions of the latter and reject the plain statements of the former.

There is no such thing as astronomical or geological evidence. The conclusions are calculated, and that from assumed data, but are not evidential. No doubt if the data is right, the conclusions are also right. But that is not the point. If Jonah was not there three days and three nights in the fish, neither was Christ in the heart of the earth, and away goes the basis of Christianity at once.

I would also add that there is no such thing as "religious progress" in these days. The revelation of the New Testament is full and final right to the end of time.

JOHN BALFOUR,
Sec. Bible Evidence Society.

Only a small and decreasing minority now hold the idea, prevalent fifty years ago, of the cast-iron inspiration of the Bible, as a well-known divine laughingly called it.

It is said to think that a few well-meaning, but undoubtedly mistaken, men will put the Bible to a strain by trying to put the new wine of science into the Old Bottle, or by still adhering to the mistakes and prejudices of the Hebrew writers of 800 B.C.

BIBLE STUDENT.

The Dean of Westminster's statement refutes itself. It is obvious that Bilse's ass both had a real existence and gift of speech, else how could so many direct lineal descendants of the animal at the present day occupy dignified and lucrative positions in the Church? Q.E.D.

BRO. OLIVER.

Sec. to the Rev. Father Ignatius, O.S.B.
Llanthony Abbey, near Abergavenny.

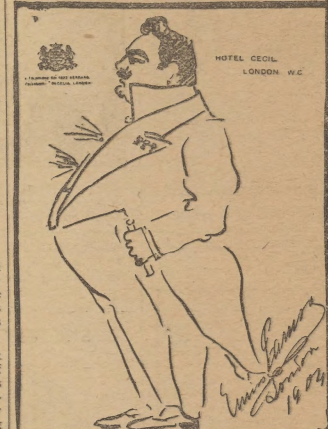
If science cannot be reconciled with God's Word (I believe it eventually will be), so much the worse for science.

The miracles of the Old Testament are not more incredible than those of the New; if we repudiate one, we must repudiate them all, the Incarnation and Resurrection included. The learned and intellectual "dean," if he chooses, may presume to impute motives to God in allowing lies to be used for the purposes of teaching, but I, for one, refuse to accept his ruling, and decline to teach children after his methods.

H. MORGAN.

21, Ashmount-road, S. Tottenham, Oct. 19.

CARUSO (by Himself).



Signor Caruso is in better voice than ever. He sings to-night in "Carmen." This is a caricature of himself which he drew for the "London Magazine" to accompany a very interesting article about him.

THE PASSION FOR PUBLICITY.

Why did Mr. Rudyard Kipling pen his famous line about "muddled oafs" and "flannelled fools"?

Why did Mr. George Meredith make such a ridiculous contribution to the Marriage Handicap discussion?

Why did the Rev. R. J. Campbell denounce the British working man?

Why did Mr. Pinero introduce a puppet in his new play?

Why do Marie Corelli and "Rita" hysterically shriek of the sins of society?

Can the answers to these queries be found in the slightly altered quotation, "Sweet are the uses of advertisement"?

A. F. MORRISON.

Gaskarth-road, Balham.

—Henry Newbolt.

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Ravings of Delirium.

Dr. René Fromenthal was a man who had learned reserve and self-control in a hard school. He belonged to a profession where suavity and serenity of temper are a necessity, yet as he regarded the agitated Madame Douvenay his anger and annoyance were distinctly visible. He drew her into a curtained alcove at the head of the staircase.

"My dear madame," he said in French, "have you no heed of the servants, these English servants, that you make such a speech?"

He was more than inclined to regret his experiment. His anger and his disappointment made him rough. The woman cried out as she felt the fierceness of his grip on her arm.

He released her with apology. "I am sorry, madame, but if these servants hear you—which, pray to Heaven, they may not have done—what would they think? No Englishwoman would have made such a mistake. Yet you come of a race of diplomats."

"É dé Di," she muttered impatiently, "I am not an Englishwoman. You have made a fool of me. Had I known everything, had you been frank with me, nothing would have induced me to enter upon this trick."

Dr. Fromenthal smiled sardonically.

"Not even the excellent and unimpeachable Gustave," he murmured, as a man may who speaks to himself.

Madame heard and turned on him fiercely.

"No, nor for a hundred Gustaves," she said, passionately. "I—I have done much for him, but he would never ask me to touch such a matter."

"Ma foi!" said the doctor, "you become scrupulous all of a sudden! What has happened? What do you mean?"

For answer, Madame Douvenay stepped close to him and whispered a sentence in his ear. He started, shook his head impatiently, and then smiled at her, yet a new light had crept into his well-shaped, eloquent eyes. "Dear madame, you give yourself away terribly. Where is your self-control? Anyone with experience of the sick knows better than to give credence to the ravings of a man in delirium."

She struggled her shoulders. "If you doubt me, listen to him yourself. Mother of Mercy! these are not the first ravings of a man in delirium to which I have listened. I am not a fool. I can discriminate between the ravings of a diseased brain and the ravings of a diseased conscience."

The doctor smiled enigmatically. "Let us go to him," he said. "I have neglected him too much already."

Defiant, yet inclined to tears, Madame Douvenay led the way into the room where Robert Ferris lay.

The apartment did credit to the Frenchwoman's power of imitation. It was furnished in the most severely English fashion, a fashion modelled on vague hospital memories. She had banished ruthlessly all the furniture and hangings dear to the French mind. The floor was polished and sparsely carpeted, the ornate French bed had been replaced by a plain iron one. The only decoration on the walls consisted of a framed text, hurriedly picked up at a second-hand furniture shop in Goodstreet—"Lying Lips are an Abomination unto the Lord."

Of medical appliances there seemed an almost formidable supply. Fromenthal had utilised some of the loose cash found in Ferris's pockets to redeem his instruments from pawn; they lay, out of sight of the patient, upon a white marble slab; the electric light played on a wall with a sinister gleam, as though lighting in his parade of sponges, instruments, and antiseptics.

Ferris lay with arms tossed wildly above his bandaged head. Every now and then, with a sort of rhythmic precision, a groan more animal than human escaped from his lips. Fromenthal looked at him closely; there was a suspicion of foam on the man's lips and a strange look in his eyes. Deftly he raised the eyelid from one a while. What he saw apparently reassured him; he drew back.

"The man has escaped madness, the madness of dogs," he said to Mme. Douvenay, "by the skin of his teeth. If he were to accuse himself of every crime that the ingenuity of Satan could suggest, it would not be wonderful. If he bit at you with hand and turned back his lip at the sight of water, it would not be surprising. I half feared hydrophobia for him."

The Frenchwoman shuddered. This task upon which she had entered so lightly, and which had promised so much advantage for the future, particularly for the way in which it offered pleasant association with the handsome doctor, was beginning to assume proportions which terrified her.

"Mon Dieu," she murmured beneath her breath,

and looked at the restless body on the bed. Yet, womanlike, she stuck to her point. "He has a bad conscience; he is under the ban of Heaven," she said.

Fromenthal did not appear to heed her. He was looking down at Ferris's bandaged face at the thin line of the lips, the handsomeness of the profile, even now clearly discernible.

The man's eyes were half open. His head moved restlessly. His parched lips seemed to form words which never came to utterance.

Almost unconsciously the Frenchman pitted himself against this man for the prize of a woman's approval. He was too clever, too level-headed, to over-estimate his physical attractions. So far as it is given to man, he obeyed the philosophical advice, "Know thyself." He allowed for racial predilections, the prejudice of an Englishwoman against a foreigner. Yet he told himself that, starting fair with this man on the bed—even handicapped as he was by the predisposition of the past—he had a good chance of emerging victor where Myra Raycroft was concerned.

As he stood there by the bed Ferris made a sudden and fierce outcry, a sound that was almost a scream, and opened his eyes widely. "Stephen," he cried thickly. "Stephen! Has the sea given up its dead?"

"That is how he begins," whispered Madame Douvenay. "He is like some terrible mechanical toy—once wound up he cannot cease." She shivered and turned away.

"Fifty thousand pounds!" cried the man on the bed. "Fifty thousand pounds, Myra, vanished into thin air! And for this I lied and schemed and murdered—for this! Stephen! Oh, he was a very decent chap. I wish I'd been a better cousin to him. Dead?" He laughed strangely, a travesty of mirth which echoed horribly in the sparsely-furnished room. "Dead? No, no, a mistake. It is only the Indian . . . even he is not dead. It seems men do not die . . . such men. The grave is not deep enough, the sea—the sea rejects them. Stephen! Stephen! Stephen!" He repeated the name monotonously, with a strange rise and fall in his voice, as one counting the beads of a chaplet.

Fromenthal laid his hand on his brow.

"Stephen, man? You're dreaming. Who is Stephen?"

"You did not know him? He was bright, young. He loved her. If I'd known he loved her—Ferris's voice died to incoherent mutterings; he began to pick at the coverlet with aimless fingers. Fromenthal poured out a draught from a bottle which stood on a table by the bed, and, placing his arm under the sick man's head, held it to his lips.

With the energy of delirium Ferris pushed it from him. "Hilda," he cried, in a sharp, strong voice, "Hilda, here in this foul place. He did not do it, you understand. You understand that, Hilda? He was not guilty. I killed him—inself-defence—before heaven, Myra, in self-defence."

So the mad voice gave vent to a chain of meaningless words. Fromenthal took Madame Douvenay gently by the arm, and put her outside the sick room.

Some twenty minutes later he summoned her to resume her position.

"It is time that we should summon our patient's friends," he said. "He does not make the progress I should wish. Have everything in readiness against my return, and, above all things, be self-controlled."

He left her with minute instructions as to the treatment of the patient, and on leaving the house drove direct to a certain newspaper club he knew of on Ludgate Hill. Here, for a very modest sum,

the visitor could con the papers of the day and refresh his memory as to past events by reference to the files.

It was to the files that Dr. René Fromenthal directed his attention. He spent over half an hour in earnest study, then, having satisfied himself, he left.

As the cab carried him to Mrs. Raycroft's flat in Surrey Mansions his mind worked rapidly. He made frequent and copious notes in the large and handsome pocket-book which had become his through Robert Ferris's vicarious generosity.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Web of Friendship.

Despite Dr. Fromenthal's fears, which had perhaps been more sincere than he cared to admit, even to himself, Robert Ferris turned the corner.

Perhaps the sound of Myra's familiar voice, the touch of her cool fingers, the intensity of her desire for his recovery, that, no question of rivalry between herself and the missing Hilda. She took possession of her own and gained her victory easily, for Madame Douvenay had no professional pride to conquer, no feminine jealousy to combat—yet. But progress was slow; it was not till the November fogs were creeping over the parks and squares of London, and the hardest trees were shedding their remaining yellowed leaves, that Ferris was even able to sit up, a convalescent.

Between himself and his physician a great friendship had sprung up. As soon as reason returned to him he was thankful for the tact which the Frenchman had displayed in making no mention of the terrible scene which had preceded the murderer's escape upon him so nearly resulting in the loss of his life.

"Some day," he said to Fromenthal, "some day, I shall tell you the story. She was my wife; yes, you are not mistaken, but"—his pause was full of eloquence—"it was all a sad mistake. She did not love me, and as for me, there is but one woman in the world, so far as I am concerned—and you know her."

The Frenchman made fitting protestation and comment. Who but one of his own nationality could understand to the full what the devotion of a woman like Mrs. Raycroft meant?

It will be noted that the doctor made no mention of the unwitting revelations made by Robert Ferris in his delirium. Such conversation he eschewed as too exciting for his patient. He did not, however, omit to give a full and circumstantial, if not embellished, account of his visit to the Fifth Circle of Paradise the day after the fracas there, and his astounding and disconcerting discovery of the flight of those concerned.

Fromenthal, indeed, had made several attempts to discover the venue of the Fifth Circle of Paradise troupe. But the languid lady in the tea-shop, with the tousled head and the insatiable appetite for fiction, could tell him nothing. Her "Pa" was the landlord of the hall where the entertainments had been given, and "them beastly Indians" had certainly paid him his rent, but they had left no word of the legends of unguile hilly, and no address. The tousled one waxed bitter at the memory of all the inquiries she had been forced to answer within the last few weeks.

Even to Fromenthal Ferris had said little of the fight in the dark. He had answered the doctor's questions evasively. He was not sure what had induced the bite upon his cheek; he made no mention of his subsequent accident. He continued the reticence which Robert Ferris displayed

was not at all to Dr. Fromenthal's liking. He would have liked the man to unburden his soul to him, bind himself down to some admission, in a moment of emotion. He did not wish to have to pose as a blackmailer, unless it were absolutely necessary. But, as the days went by, it almost seemed as though it would be necessary. Ferris, egged on by Myra, began to show a very distinct desire to leave the shelter of Madame Douvenay's roof and to return to his own home.

He mooted the question to the doctor one morning as they sat smoking in the pleasant little lounge which Madame had fitted up in a sham and make-believe Oriental fashion.

"It's rather a farce, my remaining under doctor's orders," he said with a laugh. "I am as hale and hearty as possible. I ought to be getting back into harness again."

"You have indeed made a wonderful recovery," said Fromenthal significantly. "And thanks to you. Can I ever be sufficiently grateful?"

The Frenchman made a lively disclaimer. "Your thanks are more due to Madame Douvenay than to myself, monsieur," he said. "She is a marvellous woman."

"And a very charming one," assented Ferris heartily. "But I do not feel that it is right I should trespass upon your hospitality much longer. Mrs. Raycroft tells me that she only took me in because of friendship to you."

Fromenthal nodded. "Yes, yes. Madame and I are compatriots, exiles, and that means much to a son and daughter of a foreigner, monsieur."

Ferris twisted his unlighted cigar nervously in his fingers. "It is a question of the utmost delicacy, doctor," he said. "You will forgive my mentioning it, I am sure, but I solicit your help and advice. Regarding the question of terms—it is not to be expected that I could suffer a lady of her talent to play the Good Samaritan to me. I am a comparatively wealthy man."

Fromenthal reddened. "That, monsieur, is a question between Madame Douvenay and myself," he said stiffly.

"Then, doctor, we may speak as man to man, as a man rescued from the grave to his saviour," said Ferris, with sincere feeling. He was really grateful to this suave and pleasant friend, grateful not only for the gift of his life, but for certain pleasant hours he had passed in his convalescence; grateful also for the fact that with his illness he appeared to have cast off the shadow of the past, which had gathered so heavily about him in the weeks after Stephen's disappearance.

"As man to man, monsieur," said the doctor. "As physician to patient, as father confessor to penitent." His emphasis was very marked.

Ferris felt vaguely ill at ease. He smiled. "You put it seriously," he said. "With regard to Madame Douvenay, doctor, how can I reward her?"

He spoke at random.

"I speak seriously of a serious matter," said Fromenthal gravely. "The time has come now, monsieur, for the casting off of the mask. I may speak to you now as a man, not as a child."

"Really," began Ferris.

Fromenthal interrupted him.

"But first, before all things, I would speak to you of Stephen. Laborer, dissembler, the doctor, the murderer. Then after that, perhaps, of Mademoiselle Maxwell, the robbed."

Ferris stared at him, his jaw sunken, his eyes a little dazed.

(To be continued.)

PRINCE OF FAKIRS.

How Dida, the Magician, Works His Weird Wonders.

Dida, the new magic man, is to appear at the Alhambra on Monday night in his marvellous act of producing two beautiful water nymphs from the interior of an empty glass water-tank in full view of the audience.

Mr. George Scott, of the Alhambra, stated to a *Mirror* representative that Dida outshines all the Indian fakirs in his special line of magic. He then described Dida's performance.

"First, an empty aquarium is carried on to the stage. It is placed on four slight uprights, and measures seven feet in length, three feet in width, and is three feet high. Dida asks for water, and the stage attendants fill it.

There is no curtain covering up operations, and Dida, simply, places his hand over the tank and repeats a weird incantation.

He then takes a silk handkerchief and places it on the water, and the motionless figure of a young lady is observed lying at the bottom of the tank.

Another incantation, and she leaps out of the water on to the stage. The performance is repeated, and a second nymph emerges from the tank.

JERUSALEM HOSPITAL.

The sum of £2,892, 4s. 9d. was realised by the entertainment in aid of the funds of the British Ophthalmic Hospital at Jerusalem, held in July last at His Majesty's Theatre, at which the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family were present.

After deducting £452 3s. 3d. for expenses the Entertainment Committee has handed over the sum of £2,440 1s. 6d. to the Council of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England for the benefit of the hospital.

Mental Depression

Nerve Troubles Disappear by Taking Bishop's Tonules

Possibly you are feeling depressed, languid, fatigued, irritable, or melancholy owing to nervous exhaustion. You neither feel equal to your work or pleasure, you hardly know how to get through the day because you are so wanting in energy and "go," and are unable to sleep well at night.

It is quite certain you want a pick-me-up that will pull you together and make you feel fresh and energetic. We can tell you how to regain your wanted vigour, so that you will be able to enter into your work and recreation with thorough enjoyment. The remedy that will do this is known as Bishop's Tonules, which have proved marvelously successful in nervous disorders. Bishop's Tonules will put new life into your whole system and new power into the nerves. They make your eyes brighter, your complexion healthier, will help you to put on flesh if thin, and make your muscles firm. Prove the virtues of Bishop's Tonules for yourself.

Bishop's Tonules are prepared only by Alfred Bishop, Limited, Spelman-street, Mile End New Town, London; and may be obtained from any Chemist or Drug Store for 2s. 6d. per vial (containing 10 days' treatment), or direct from Alfred Bishop, Limited, for 2s. 6d. post free. Procure a supply to-day and personally prove the truth of the statements made. We shall be pleased to give any further information on the subject if readers will write to us.

One of many former sufferers who have written us, says—"Being a great sufferer for the past three years from chronic dyspepsia, severe headaches and nervous exhaustion, a friend advised me to try Bishop's Tonules. I determined to do so, and the result was excellent. They put new life into me and I continued the treatment, and by degrees the nerves became stronger, the headaches ceased, the sight cleared, and my health resumed its normal condition. Bishop's Tonules worked a miracle."

Surely it is a remarkable and convincing statement, but if any further proof is needed it is here. "I have no longer any trouble with my stomach," writes Mr. New, under date April 22, 1904, "I eat just what I like and as much as I like, and nothing hurts me. Dyspepsia is for me a thing of the past. I am well and strong as ever I was in my life; and my cure, so thorough and permanent, is, I know, entirely due to Mother Seigel's Syrup."

The man who can always obtain a "good square meal" is to be congratulated, but the man who can always digest it is to be envied.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE NOTES.

Directors Wanted by Manchester City-Sunderland's New Crew.

In Manchester the great football sensation is still discussed in all its bearings, but I cannot hear of anything being done, though it is quite on the tapis that legal action in some shape will be taken. In fact, it is essential to the position of several of the affected parties to attempt to disprove the scathing charges made against their personal honour.

As yet nothing has been made public by the directors, but after yesterday evening's meeting of the shareholders we shall probably see the production of a definite policy. Meanwhile, of the unsuspended directors, Mr. Forrest has resigned, but Mr. John Allison tells me he intends to stick to the club as well as to be under the necessity of taking a holiday.

The Sunderland people have not let the grass grow under their feet, and already several influential gentlemen have come forward to take the places of the suspended directors. The position of team secretary will be filled by Mr. Fred Dale, in whom, if not mistaken, I think I recognise an old friend who managed the Glossop club when that ill-starred organisation gained admission to the First League.

Models of Consistency.

Consistency still attends the efforts of Sheffield Wednesday and Bury, for the champions have won every match up to date, while the Captains have failed to notch their first success. Wednesday's victory last week was gained without the services of their captain, Tom Craxshaw, and featured by the notable failure of H. Davies, Wednesday's International outside right to score. This sturdy, dashing player had found the net several times before the fact that he was two goals against Middleburgh and one each against Wolverhampton Wanderers, Bury, Aston Villa, Blackburn Rovers, and Derby County, and he was sent to earth to strengthen their team, and a visit to Scotland has been paid without success. I wonder what they would give to get him back to the centre. Everton were rather fortunate to come away with the maximum points at Gillingham, but their strength must be great, for Booth and Sharp are still on the injured list.

The Goodison Park club have at length concluded the transfer of Mr. Laughlin, an inside right from Hamilton Academicals.

Aston Villa's Changes.

Aston Villa, like Bury, are much belying their reputation, and the directors can hardly be on good terms with themselves. Niblo and M'Luckie would both be very useful just now, and that matters are almost coming to a crisis may be inferred from the fact that against Derby County the Bristol half-back, Gray, was played as centre forward. Still, the "Villans" have such resources at their command that they are hardly likely to be chosen, and stuck to, instead of the repeated chopping and changing.

Liverpool are the only undefeated club in the Second Division, for Bolton Wanderers received an unexpected and nasty check at Chesterfield. I think the Wanderers took a little too much notice of the advice and of their trainer, Lewis, who had charge of the English team at Belfast, may have had some effect. Raybould, the Liverpool centre, is playing his best just now, and the Anfielders apparently possess a useful understudy to the inter-League crack in Parkinson, a local youth, who, in his first Cup tie against Burnley, scored no fewer than five goals.

To-morrow's Games.

The best match to-morrow is undoubtedly the meeting of Everton and Aston Villa at Goodison Park. The proceeds will be handed over to the fund for the benefit of Jack Sharp and Walter Booth. Two more deserving players I do not know of. Sharp is a fine specimen of a player, and his services are of great value to the team to both football and cricket. I hope the Lancashire cricketer will remain his form long enough to also reap a benefit at the summer games.

A handsome sum should be forthcoming for the Villa, are ever attractive, and though the beneficiaries have been on the injured list I expect they will both turn out and help Everton to win. The men from Birmingham do not appear to have much chance on current form.

Sunderland, possibly the best team in the division, and Sheffield Wednesday will have a hard task to keep their record intact at Roker Park. I note that Lewis, the ex-Sheffield United captain, and the Somerset player, have been dropped out of the Sunderland team.

Bury can scarcely hope to triumph at Mill Heath, for the last season's captain, Walter Jones, has been without the services of Jones, their centre forward, and with the energetic little Halesworth chap back in the team, I fancy the Lancashire players will have to wait a little longer before tasting the long-deferred sweets of victory.

Only one defeat has so far been suffered by Newcastle, and even though making a long journey to Stoke they should win, as should also Woolwich at Plumstead against North Forest, the most disappointing team of the year. The other three matches will probably be all turn out to good for Middleburgh at Trent Bridge, and choice of ground will prove to the advantage of Sheffield United and Derby County for both teams will be expected to play late. Their respective opponents are Preston North End and Blackburn, and I anticipate the maximum points going to each of the home teams.

THROSTLE

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

ASSOCIATION.

F.A. CUP.—Replayed Tie.

LEYTONSTONE, 2; CLAPTON ORIENT, 5.

Clapton Orient had most of the play, but Archer put through his own goal, and gave Leytonstone the first goal. Clapton Orient immediately responded with two goals in successive minutes, by White and Hammond. After half-time the game was rough. Druce scored for Leytonstone, and Lewis twice for the visitors. Another goal accruing to Clapton from a penalty, they won by 5 to 2.

OTHER MATCHES.

HERTS, 2; BERKS AND BUCKS, 5.

Berks and Bucks gained a victory at Wey yesterday by 5 goals to 2. Watlington could not play for them, Harrington taking his place. Play was fast and even during the first half, Page and Stanley (two) scoring for Berks and Bucks, and Ethington and Dean for the guests. Crossing over a goal to the good, the visitors proved themselves the better side. Stanley, who showed fine

form, scored two more goals. Herts failed to make an effective attack.

NORFOLK, 2; SUFFOLK, 1.

Fine weather favoured this match at Yarmouth. Though not at full strength, Norfolk had a slight edge, the best of matters in the opening half, but when the interval arrived nothing had been scored.

After change ends the home side were always the more dangerous, and they scored twice in quick succession, through Palmer and King.

In the last minute Suffolk scored from a free kick, but they were unable to equalise, and Norfolk took the game by 2 goals to 1.

LEICESTER BANKS, 1; LONDON BANKS, 2.

A capital game was witnessed at Victoria Park, Leicester. The London side were slightly superior, and scoring twice through Purnell and Wallace, won by 2 goals to 1 goal (G. J. Jones).

SOUTHERN UNITED, 4; IRISH GUARDS, 0.

The new southern professional club met the Irish Guards yesterday at Nunhead, and won an interesting game by 4 goals to 0.

Having the best of the exchanges throughout, the civilians scored through Meehan twice, and Rainbird obtained the other two goals.

OXFORD FRESHMEN'S MATCH.

In the trial yesterday at Oxford the "Whites" beat the "Colours" by six goals to none. G. W. Foster (Milverton and Worcester) played in great form, and shot four goals.

For the "Whites" Wright (Winchester) and Foster were the best forwards, while at half-backs, Lowe (Lancing and Kelle) and Hart (Trent and Queen's) did particularly well.

East Midlands were before half-time the "Colours" by Reed (Radley and Hertford).

RUGBY.

COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

MIDLAND COUNTIES, 7 pts.; EAST MIDLANDS, 11 pts.

This county championship match was played at Rugby yesterday, under capital conditions. Both sides underwent a severe trial, and the match was a very interesting one.

A quarter of an hour after the start Parsons got over the top, and the East Midlands were in the lead. East Midlands were unable to get a try, but they were able to drop a goal, and one try to one goal, one penalty goal, and one try.

Directly after the interval Dakin dropped a goal for the Midlands Counties, and a few minutes later crossed the East Midlands line, and played the ball. Subsequently Muirhead dropped a penalty goal for East Midlands, for whom H. C. Palmer gained a try.

East Midlands were unable to get a try, but they were able to drop a goal, and one try to one goal, one penalty goal, and one try.

OTHER MATCHES.

KENT TRIAL MATCH.

The Kent trial match, at Catford yesterday, produced much good football from two fifteens recruited mostly from the smaller clubs of the counties. There were a few errors in service, but the play was generally well first-rate.

What Kent mostly want are half-backs, and they might do well to give a trial to the players of the Kent and Canterbury clubs. The Kent and Canterbury clubs are well known for their ability to play in attack and defence. L. C. Smith. He was uncommonly good yesterday. Splendid forwards were played, and the Kent and Canterbury clubs were able to play in a very capable centre-three-quarter back in G. K. Coop, of the Blackheath Club. Coop has pace and skill in passing, and he should Kent find themselves at all short this season.

There is, however, not much chance of fresh blood being brought into the Kent and Canterbury clubs. Dilley Morgan, and Orr are it well. The "Whites" and "Colours" each scored 1 goal and 3 tries in this trial yesterday. Mr. G. H. Harriet was the referee.

OXFORD FRESHMEN'S MATCH.

This trial game at Oxford ended in a victory for the "Whites" by 28 points to 11. Foster, the Uppingham half-back, was unable to play.

The game was fairly even during the first half, but on changing ends the "Whites" had a distinct advantage, and they scored twice in quick succession. Some good form was displayed by the "Whites" backs, Roe, the Australian three-quarter, being prominent.

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HOCKEY NOTES.

The Growth of the Game—Influence of Lady Players.

No feature of amateur sport is attracting more widespread attention at the present time than the rise of hockey into a game of the first importance.

Ten it might almost be said five-years ago the game, except in a very few localities, was regarded by the ordinary man with uttermost contempt. It was unlikely that he had ever seen it played, and, in consequence, he condemned it the more. Once he made the acquaintance of hockey his attitude towards it rapidly changed.

If the rise of the game to the wonderful popularity which it now enjoys is to be traced to one origin, it will be found that the country girl played no inconsiderable part in initiating the movement. When, in the Christmas holidays, the ground was frost-bound and hunting impossible the daughter of the squire or rector would seek some new outlet for her energy. Probably the suggestion of a younger brother at some school like Marlborough, where hockey has by this time become a tradition, would provide the necessary inspiration.

Tea "with Hockey."

The men and girls who had played in the "mixed" cricket match which she had organised in the past summer would be forthwith requisitioned for a "mixed" hockey match. True, at first the game was regarded more as an excuse for a social gathering than anything else, the hockey being quite subsidiary to the subsequent tea, but once the fact that the game had become known it immediately acquired a serious interest.

During recent years there have been so many recruits to the game that the "mixed" clubs which were so popular in country districts five years ago are now flourishing in the towns. The process of segregation, and now ladies' and men's clubs are things quite apart.

At the present time the game is at London other causes are accountable for the rise of hockey, but in the country as a whole the game's growth in popularity can nearly

always be traced back to the "mixed" match and its ill-fated rival.

As far as London Hockey is concerned, it is believed in some quarters that Southgate are destined to become champions. There are, however, many reasons for this, and it may be said sound reasons for anticipating such a result. As Hampstead and Staines continue to show extremely good form, and as the London Hockey Association is so active in their efforts to improve the game, it is probable that they will also be able to keep up the strength of Southgate will, at any rate, be well tested.

The former club put up a very useful performance against the London Hockey Association, but they were unable to win. There were opportunities of scoring many goals, but they were not taken. The London Hockey Association is so active in their efforts to improve the game, it is probable that they will also be able to keep up the strength of Southgate will, at any rate, be well tested.

THE CITY.

Investors Coming In—Scottish Rails

Strong—Japanese Bonds Dull—Kaffir Market Improving.

CAPITAL COURT, Thursday Evening.—Stock markets have again been active to-day. Public investment orders are flowing in, though it is very satisfactory to note that dealers in the speculative sciences, such as mines, grumble about business. It shows that the public are not so ready to go to the top of the market as they were in business in an investment nature, purely and simply. The Bank Return to-day was satisfactory, showing a Reserve of £28,000,000. The Bank rate was 4 per cent. Consols opened strong, reacted a little, but closed at the best on the firmness of the foreign bourses and the more satisfactory appearance of the gold market. The gold market rose to 93½, and the new issue is expected immediately. Rise—Consols 100 to 98½; ditto Account 100 to 98½; ditto Land 100 to 98½; ditto Transvaal 100 to 97½.

In Home Rails the chief feature was the strength of Scottish stocks. They closed at the best. Heavy rails were slightly firmer, but the market was dull, and some speculative securities like Dover "A" and Great Northern Deferred, but did not meet with too much success. On the London market, the chief feature was the strength of Scottish stocks. They closed at the best. Heavy rails were slightly firmer, but the market was dull, and some speculative securities like Dover "A" and Great Northern Deferred, but did not meet with too much success. On the London market, the chief feature was the strength of Scottish stocks. They closed at the best. Heavy rails were slightly firmer, but the market was dull, and some speculative securities like Dover "A" and Great Northern Deferred, but did not meet with too much success. On the London market, the chief feature was the strength of Scottish stocks. They closed at the best. 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